I Wanna Be Adored

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I Wanna Be Adored

by BlueSkiedandClear

Summary

Prequel to " Rescue My Heart ", or how Pack Leader Hannibal Lecter met Will Graham. How he courted him, and the fluff began.

Notes

As I said in the summary, this is a prequel to "Rescue My Heart", which you could read here: https://archiveofourown.org/works/26452252/chapters/64451767.
I really recommend you read that first, because of the context.
The Alpha/Omega dynamic is a bit different from usual and I mention things told in the previous story.
Anyway, I really hope you like it, and as ever, I am not English native, please take note of mistakes, if you want.
Enjoy!

BlueSkiedAndClear

See the end of the work for more notes

1.

“ Cheers! ”

All the table echoed the toast, tapping their tankards, while *I Don't Want a Lover* resounded in the bar.

For a long moment, everyone was busy with their beers, but eventually, Jimmy Price was the first whom asked the decisive question:

“ Ok, ok. We know you are a great Leader, Hannibal. But how long do you intend to be still a bachelor? Our pack needs pups, you know. ”

Jack Crawford blasted a roaring laugh, but Brian Zeller frowned:

“ Come on, Jim. We really can't speak, of all. ” He rebuked gently his mate, who made a face:

“ No one cares about us, but he's the Leader, Z. ” Jimmy replied.

All eyes fixed on Hannibal Lecter, Wolf Trap's Pack Leader since four years, that day, and still without a mate.

He cleared his throat:

“ Well, you know, Jimmy. Love is a bizarre friend: he pays you a visit or not.” Hannibal answered, in a light tone.

“ If you say so.” Jimmy replied, taking a long sip from his tankard.

Self Control replaced the previous song, while chips crunchs and some low laughs filled the brief pause in the conversation.

“ We have to be fair with Hannibal, guys. ” Alana Bloom stepped in: “ Our pack lacks of available free Omegas. ” She underlined.

Hannibal agreed, in a silent nod, but Jack, next to him, shrugged:

“ I'm quite sure our Leader here, had had known all the free Omegas in the pack. Except miss Verger. ”

Hannibal hid his smirk behind his beer, while Alana tried to keep herself unmoved. Z spoke, instead:

“ Well, we can consider her quite off limits. ” He specified, but he turned to Hannibal:

“ In truth, there is a free Omega we didn't consider. ” He stated.

The Leader gave him a curious face:

“ Who? ”

“ Z.” Jack rebuked, in a warning tone, but Brian ignored him:

“ Will, of course. The new guy at the garage. ” He answered.

Hannibal looked at Jack, questioning, and he hurried an explanation:

“ Yeah, he's a Omega and he's not mated, but...” He hesitated.

Alana snorted:

“ You were the first who insisted with Will into meeting Hannibal, Jack. ” She retorted. Jack didn't deny, and Alana looked quite upset.

Hannibal looked first at him and then at her:

“ Were you planning mating, Jack? And why are you adverse at that, Alana? ” He asked both.

The young Alpha female was the first whom replied:

“ I know Will. He's not the guy for you, Hannibal. ”

“ And I think your stance is pointless, Alana. You're overprotective, about the boy.” Jack said, before Hannibal could reply to her.

“ I'm not overprotective, he's not like other Omegas... He requires a certain handling.” She rebuked.

Hannibal finished his beer and asked politely to Bev, the bartender, for another:

“ You spoke about him like he's a fragile teacup.” He spotted. Alana frowned:

“ I know you trust my judgement, Hannibal. You're gonna hurt yourself, if you try something with Will Graham. ” She insisted.

Hannibal tasted his sip of ale, rolling the bitter taste all over his tongue. *Will Graham.* Jack called him “ boy”, so he should be young. Omega male, uncommon, but not rare. Probably handsome, like many Omegas. Whom required a certain handling.

He mused on that last peculiarity, the most interesting: why does he required such careful treatment? Curiosity stung Hannibal's mind like a cramp.

“ I won't gonna find him on purpose, Alana. ” He said, eventually: “ But I don't think I could avoid him forever. Or vice versa. ”

The topic fell there, and no one mentioned it for the rest of the night, but Hannibal lingered on the thought, everytime he fell silent.

It was true, he had tried a polite approach with all free Omegas in the pack, since his arrive. It was one of his duties as Leader, after all. He dated every of them, made love with a few, but he never courted anyone and even less fought for anyone.

Hannibal Lecter was an old-fashioned european Alpha: mating for him was a serious matter. He had his part of relationships in Paris, in Baltimore, before claiming the Wolf Trap leadership, even in a peculiar way, but he never found a worthy mate.

Poets and song writers called it true love, and the most romantic side of his nature agreed with the definition, but the scientist in him knew that it was a matter of chemicals, of hormones, of primal instincts.

Every mated Alpha or Omega he ever met, had said to him the same thing: you know when it happens. The desire to bite, to claim, to be bitten and claimed would be so powerful to awake the wolf inside. It never happened to him, even with the most intense of his companions, and he had a few, whom he cared deeply, but never wanted to make any of them his.

After all, he was only thirty-one, he had plenty of time for mating. If Will Graham could be a potential match, Hannibal left the decision to luck. He rarely forced things to happen. He preferred to apply some persuasion and creativity to circumstances.

It was still cold, to be March. It was the third frozen engine which Will fixed, since the start of the day. The costumer, the old owner of the fishing pond, took shelter in the little office

inside the garage, while Will prepared his invoice, fighting a little with the cash register.

“ Those damn out of season frosts! ” The man was cursing: “ My pond is blocked for another month, or so. I said it to the sheriff of the county and to the Lecter guy, you know, son? I said all of them: I have guys who want to fish on ice, but they were all: No, it's dangerous, Larry. You could believe that, son? ”

“ I really can't. ” Will replied, in a sympathetic tone, passing the invoice to Larry, who shook his head:

“ We could be half wolves, son, but bureaucracy rules us. ” He said, grimbly, leaving on his truck. Just outside the garage, Larry slowed and stricked out from the car window. Will heard his dry voice reproaching someone who was entering:

“ I was speaking of you, son! You and the sheriff could knot your damn warrants! ”

The other gave a conciliatory reply, which Will could not hear clearly, and after a moment the truck left. Jack approached the newcomer, wiping his hands in a greasy tissue, while Z was busy around an old Camaro with molten brakes, and Will moved to help him.

He didn't follow the conversation between his boss and the other guy, since Jack called him:

“ Will! Take a look here. ”

Jack patted the hood of a black Bentley Brooklands, while gesturing at its owner, aside him. Will looked at the car and glanced barely to the man, saying a generic:

“ Hello. ” Without tearing apart the eyes from the Bentley. It was magnificent.

“ I saw one of these only years ago, with my dad. ”

Will eventually said, with a faint smile. It was in perfect shape, virtually new. A strange, but pleasing scent came from the interior, something like a mix between expensive aftershave and a museum hall. Who could own such a car, in Wolf Trap?

Curiosity pushed Will to raise his eyes and look at the man beside Jack, and his breath stuttered for a second.

An Alpha male, of course. And a free one.

Oh, God.

He was quite handsome: long ash blond hair, with some darker strand, tied in a messy bun, amber eyes, sharp cheekbones, an imposing but lithe figure. More leonine, than wolfish, in truth, but still stunning.

“ This is Hannibal Lecter, the Leader. Hannibal, this is Will Graham. ” Jack introduced him.

Even before Jack could speak, Will knew who he was.

“ Hello, doctor Lecter. ” He repeated, feeling like an idiot.

“ Hello, Will. ” Hannibal replied, in a warm, low, polite growl. Very Alpha. Very non-mated Alpha.

Will scratched the back of his neck, unconsciously, very aware that his hormones had already begun to spread his scent. He felt sweat under his armpits, around the collarbones and under the waistline. He forced his eyes on the shiny car body, trying to resist the urge to display his throat:

“ How did... how did you find this, doctor? ” He asked, hoping he sounded calm.

“ An old patient of mine gifted it to me in a gratitude gesture. He had several classic cars. ” Hannibal explained, in the same soothing tone. It seemed he didn't give many efforts to

dominate his Alpha instincts.

“ I see. ” Will replied. His scent was overwhelming, now, surely reacting to his own. It wasn't the first time he met a free Alpha, of course, but he never had such a reaction. Will knew that it could cause an abrupt heat, and he didn't take suppressants in years.

He could resist until Hannibal left and then call someone from a safe list.

Or he could simply take Hannibal's knot, how nature suggested.

Just the thought, made slick start pooling in his underwear.

Will bent on the hood, lifted it up and checked the engine, pretending he was fine:

“ What's the matter with this girl, doctor? ” He asked Hannibal, glancing him with innocent eyes, but licking his lips. He returned his glance, with a little smirk:

“ I don't know, exactly. I'm not really familiar with this kind of vehicles, but I felt it a bit slow, this morning. ” He told him.

Will nodded:

“ It could be the cold. It's not a big deal. ” He replied. Jack intervened:

“ I can handle it. Why don't you offer our Leader a cup of coffee? ” He suggested. Will wiped his greasy hands in a tissue, while Hannibal accepted graciously the offer, and then he escorted him in the office.

Before touching the coffee maker, Will washed again his hands, feeling the presence of the Alpha under his skin. His heart was pounding almost loudly, and he got busy quickly. He turned only to extend a full cup, finding Hannibal gazing at him, considering. He accepted the cup from him and placed it on the desk. Then, he glanced at the glass, making sure that both Jack and Z were busy, grabbed Will by the waist and pushed him against the wall, kissing him fiercely.

The Omega groaned softly, weaving his arms around Hannibal's neck and returning the kiss, hungrily and desperately. All his body seemed to catch fire, while the Alpha's tongue slid between his teeth and lapped into his mouth. He already felt the sting of his fangs, and moaned weakly, digging his fingers in the long strands.

The Alpha broke contact first, kissing his jaw, licking his throat, dangerously near the marking spot. Will rolled his hips, rubbing his groin against his, tearing a low growl from those cruel lips and detaching from him, to catch breath:

“ Alpha... ” Will begged, and Hannibal hissed, face hidden in his neck, hands caressing his back:

“ So handsome, so sweet... precious Omega. ” He praised in return, scraping his lips among Will's chocolate curls, making him groan again and held tighter to his shoulders.

The boy was shaking, eyes fogged with pleasure and desire. He never felt like that with anyone:

“ Please, Alpha, knot me. Please. ” He begged again.

It required all Hannibal's strenght, to let him go gingerly and taking his beatiful face in his hands:

“ Breath, Will. Could you look at me, please? ” He asked.

Will felt like a charm was break. He took a deep breath and stared at Hannibal with growing horror in his magnificent blue eyes:

“ I'm so sorry. I don't assault every Alpha who enters here, I swear. ” He explained, half panicked.

Hannibal hushed him kindly, stroking his hair and face:

“ Don't apologize, darling, I feel it, too. ” Hannibal replied in a soothing tone. He stared enraptured in his eyes:

“ How could I ever imagined... ” He began, but he shook his head:

“ I was rather discorteous with you, Will. ” He cleared his throat and composed himself, even with a bit of short breath:

“ I imagine I could have triggered an improptu heat in you. Your scent is strong, you have a little fever. I think you may have activated a rut in myself, too. As much as it could be promising, I want to do this thing properly, Will. ” Hannibal declared in a serious tone.

Before Will could realize what was happening, Hannibal Lecter, his Pack Leader, was kneeling in front of him and he was taking his left hand:

“ William Graham, would you allow me to court you? ”

For a long moment, all what Will could hear was his ragged breath: it was the most earnest way to ask a similar thing, decisively old-fashioned. Damn sexy and romantic.

“ Y-yes, I would. ” He stuttered a bit, but couldn't held a smile. He was not sure he knew what he was accepting. He didn't search a mate, and a Leader, moreover, but he never felt a strongest call to an Alpha.

Joy literally glimmered in Hannibal's eyes, and he stood, kissing gingerly his fingers:

“ Do something for me, then. Come back home, drink water, make you confortable. If you agree, I will come to you tonight.” He paused, staring at him with the same seriousness:

“ I will knot you, to relief our natural condition, but I promise, Will, I am not going to bite you, before your total and conscious consent. I will court you, feed you, bring you gifts. If our bonding is true and solid, I will propose to you properly.” He stated, taking his mug of coffee.

Will was quite overwhelmed, both by his words and the incoming heat and nodded. He wrote quickly on a paper his address and cell number, and gave it to Hannibal:

“ I... I don't know really how to feel about it... I don't even know you, but I would be yours forever.” He said, confused, and flushed.

“ It's the heat speaking, Will. But, if in a few days you will be thinking the same, we could call it by another name. ” Hannibal replied, with a smile.

Will flushed more:

“ I never believed in love at first sight. ” He declared, with a chuckle.

“ I did. ” Hannibal retorted, kissing him lightly on the lips. The simple gesture ignited a little pang of lust in Will's loins, and he let him go, reluctantly.

After Hannibal left, Will needed a moment to collect himself, then he went to spoke with Jack.

“ I've told you to leave him alone, but you never listen, Hannibal! ”

Alana was clearly furious with him, and it was a quite new view for him. He kept packing his bags, while holding his cell tighter with his shoulder:

“ May I ask why are you so concerned, Alana? ” Hannibal asked, more amused than irritated:

“ You have a certain... personality. You are dominant, confident... arrogant. Will can't stand people like you. ” Alana replied, with a sigh.

“ Well, I am an Alpha, you're telling me that Will hates every Alpha, then. ” Hannibal rebuked, folding a pair of sweatpants:

“ Am I arrogant? ” He added, with a smile. Alana stayed silent, and Hannibal sighed:

“ Look, I appreciate your concern, Alana. I understand you just want to protect both Will and me, but I didn't promised to marry him tomorrow. I am already in a rut, that, you know well, it's quite a discomforting situation, and he is in heat. How many times it happens, an Alpha and an Omega getting rid of their natural cycles together and then stays friends or leave with a shake of hands. ” He explained.

He could feel Alana skepticism through the phone, but she seemed to surrender:

“ I trust your judgement, Hannibal, I always do. But, please, don't break your hearts. ” She recommended.

“ I won't. ” He promised.

The call ended, and Hannibal felt more upset than before: he knew nothing about Will, maybe Alana was right to worry. Omegas could be whimsical, frail. He always was very

respectful of them as human beings, he didn't care about stereotypes. And something told him that Will was not a common Omega.

All he had to do was to go and see with his very eyes.

By nightfall, Will was sweating and he was nearly delirious with fever. There were years since his last heat that was so violent. He busied himself cleaning the house for all the afternoon, and entrust the dogs to his neighbour, but it didn't worked very well. Now he was roaming around the living room, only wearing a robe, because he couldn't tolerate clothes, drying a bottle of water after the other.

When the doorbell rang, he sighed in relief. He rushed to open the door, and found Hannibal loaded in bags. He looked at him with a clinical eye and hurried inside:

“ Very well, Will, listen to me.”

Will wrapped himself tightly in the robe, collecting all the remains of his self control.

“ I prepared food, we won't have time for cooking. I have some meds, if we're going need them, but I don't think so, anyway. I have protections, I have dresses. I am a doctor, Will, you can trust me, do you understand? ” Hannibal explained, very clearly.

His scent was powerful, almost burning, he was obviously in a rut, but maybe experience or knowledge allowed him to control it better. Will breathed deeply, trying to focus, and nodded.

“ Let's do this, darling, ok? ” Hannibal added, in a sweeter tone, taking his hand. Will held it, and escorted him in his bedroom.

Will never nested seriously, but he felt compelled to do this time, and maybe this was another index of how intense and real was the natural calling for a mate. He tried not to think so,

avoiding feeding hope, and focused on the instant pressing.

He turned to Hannibal, stripping his robe and flushed a bit, while laying on the bed full of pillows, blankets and cushions. The Alpha stared at him for a moment, startled, then undressed himself, loosing his hair. The vision made Will's heart rabbit: his mane was waist-long, thick, lavish and soft. It flowed on his wonderful body like a cloak, and it tickled a bit his skin, while Hannibal lied down on his body.

Will welcomed him with a sigh of relief, embracing him tightly and crashing their mouths together. He couldn't just had enough of his lips, the sting of his stubble on his face, his hands everywhere. He wrapped his legs around his waist, moaning loudly, his cock already half-hard and slick dripping from his rim.

Hannibal kissed all his face, neck, chest and bit lightly one of his tight, before taking briefly his cock in his mouth, making him cry:

“ Please, Alpha, please. ”

The beg made him growl deeply, and he stroked at his rim, making slowly his way on his insides.

The Omega groaned and detached himself abruptly, just the time to turn on his stomach, and present himself fully, and moaned again, when his Alpha's fingers came back inside him. Will started to fuck himself on his fingers:

“ Alpha... knot me, please. Knot me... ” He begged again.

Hannibal felt his warmth in waves against his skin and he was already panting. He didn't need more preparation, and he felt dizzy and less human, fangs itching inside his gums. He forced his rationality to compose himself in wearing a condom, and whispered:

“ Are you ready for me, my sweet Omega? ”

Will nodded frantically, shaking, and widening his legs, displaying beautifully himself. Hannibal didn't need any other encouragement. He thrusted inside him in a single, smooth move, which made both groan.

Hannibal grasped the slender waist of the Omega, rocking in a steady pace, lips parting in a sigh of pure pleasure. He never felt so welcomed, in the warm body of anyone, his cock seemed much more sensitive than normal:

“ *Tu toks mielas, mano meile* ” He exhaled, lost in the feeling.

Will closed his eyes, grabbing the sheets with one hand and searching the fingers of the Alpha with the other one. He linked them on his hip, overwhelmed by the feeling of being filled completely, swinging his body backward, to take Hannibal's cock deeper:

“ Oh, God... Alpha. ” He murmured, in a trembling voice.

Hannibal digged the fingers of his free hand in his curls, stroking them, scraping his neck and his back, bending to lay some kisses on that perfect skin. He moved just a bit to find a new angle and slid exactly against his prostate, thrusting harder and faster:

“ *Paimkite mane, gražus berniukas* ” He urged Will, who whined and screamed:

“ Yes, like this, like this... yes, yes! God... oh, God, Alpha...”

He catched his breath and shook violently, coming with a faint moan. The scent of his release drunk Hannibal, who felt his human side slipping away completely.

His thrusts became erratic and frantic, while his climax grew and blasted, crossing his body like a shock and he came arching his back, throwing his head backwards and howling loudly.

The knot formed immediately, chaining their bodies, his semen trapped by the condom. The urge to bite hit him with force, but he controlled it completely, biting on his own arm, instead.

Will panted hard, falling boneless on the bed, and Hannibal embraced him tightly, kissing sweetly his shoulder and tangling their legs together, while the knot settled comfortably. He caressed his forehead gingerly, feeling it fresh. The fever was gone, as expected, and he felt better, too.

After a while, Will turned his head, to take some kisses, and sighed, satisfied:

“ This was the damn, best heat of my life. ” He confessed, flushing adorably.

“ And this is only the beginning, sweetheart. ” Hannibal reminded him, nipping kindly his ear.

The thought itself made Will shiver in anticipation. He mused a bit, before speaking again:

“ I've never been with an Alpha like you, Hannibal. I feel so complete with you. ”

“ As I never been with an Omega sweet and beautiful as you. It will not be sex from now on. We're going to make love, I think. ”

Will frowned, but with a smirk:

“ Careful, Alpha: this is the rut speaking. ” He warned him, fondly.

“ Maybe. But I like it. ”

“ I like it, too. ”

When the knot loosened, Hannibal held Will, and with a strenght which made him chuckle, he left him on his lap and kissed him, inhaling his scent.

“ Are you hungry, sweetheart? ” He asked Will, who nodded:

“ Feed me, Alpha. ”

Hannibal smiled:

“ Those are just luncheons. I will cook for you properly, when we manage to leave this bed. ” Hannibal assured.

“ I hope it won't be too soon. ”

Hannibal laughed, lightly:

“ I am learning something about you, Will: you're greedy. ”

Will smirked:

“ Just for good things. And you are gonna have plenty of time to know all my bad habits. ” He declared.

In Hannibal's mind lingered the word: “ *Forever*”, but he was very careful to not pronounce it louder.

2

Chapter Notes

> TW: there is a very faint mention to an attempted rape. Nothing graphic, it's just mentioned.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“ Who was your first Omega? ” Will asked, the voice soft in the quiet dim light.

It was the second day of cycle. As Hannibal predicted, every time they had sex, it became a little more love making: less urgency, more cuddles. Apart from endearments, curses and some few and far between reassurances, they didn't talk, before that simple question.

Hannibal had left the bed a few minutes before, to retrieve some food and water, and they were savouring salmon and avocado sandwiches. The Alpha chewed carefully and swallowed, before answering:

“ His name was Lorenzo, it happened in Florence, when I was seventeen.” He emptied half of his water bottle:

“ And your first Alpha? ” He rebutted.

Even in the shadows, Hannibal could see Will's shy smile:

“ Her name was Molly, I was seventeen, too. ”

Will crawled by Hannibal's side and put his head on his shoulder. Hannibal wrapped an arm around his waist, and he sighed, satisfied. His eyes were glimmering:

“ Did you love him? ” He asked, then.

“ No. Did you love her? ”

“ Maybe. ”

Hannibal nuzzled his curls, inhaling his soft scent, which was slowly matching his own. His right arm was marked from the shoulder to the wrist, pointing out his repeated efforts to not bite Will. That morning, he began to bite the other arm.

Will stroked slowly his chest, placing feather kisses on his neck. It seemed like that break was quickly ending, and indeed, he climbed on his lap, and caressed his arms, inviting Hannibal to hug him. He complied, but waited: he could read more questions in Will's blue, stunning, pensive eyes.

“ Have you ever been in love? ” He asked, indeed, after more light kisses on his lips.

The already mentioned romantic side of Hannibal would drive him to say: “ Not before you ”, but it would be a lie:

“ Yes. ”

Stroking his smooth back, he added:

“ Her name was... lady Murasaki. She was my uncle's wife. ”

Feeling Will's puzzled stare on him, Hannibal straightened himself and cleared his throat. He didn't want exactly to have that conversation just before making love, but Will had the right to know everything about him.

“ I have a strange past, Will. ” He began, and Will appeared concerned:

“ You don't have to tell me things which distress you, you know? ” He reminded him, but Hannibal gave him a faint smile:

“ But I want to, even I prefer to give you the sadder details when I'm not so aroused. ”

That made Will chuckle, but he nodded:

“ I understand, baby. ”

Hannibal tasted his endearment for a moment, before speaking again:

“ For now, you must know that I've lost my family when I was very young. I lived for some time in an orphanage in Lithuania, then I was adopted by my uncle, in Paris. ”

He sighed, twisting lightly his fingers in Will's hair. He totally loved that soft chocolate halo.

“ I grew with them, but when I was sixteen, my uncle died, and she became a widow. She was gorgeous, Will. In a divine, pure, heavenly way. And smart, educated, modest, but fierce. Not a common Omega. There were only six years between us. We had a brief relation, but eventually I left Paris.” He told, in a remote tone.

Will hesitated for a moment, then said:

“ You miss her. ”

“ I miss the connection we had, but I don't love her in that way anymore. I think of her with respect, and a bit of regret. I wish we could part our ways as friends.” Hannibal confessed,

and added:

“ Bedtime story for our next break, do you agree, sweetheart? ”

Will nodded, and kissed him deeply, brushing his cock lightly, to wake up his interest. Hannibal growled low, and held him tighter, nipping his throat. He fumbled to search for another condom and put it quickly. When Will settled up better on his lap, ready to welcome him for the twelfth time, Hannibal dig his teeth in his own arm again.

The warm, moist insides of Will's body were all he wanted to think about, and he started to thrust smoothly, most delighted by his shivering and moans, while hitting his prostate in an accustomed pace. Their scents mixed again, compelling their wolfish sides to resurface: Will threw his head backwards, while impaling himself on Hannibal's length and panted:

“ Alpha... Alpha, I need your knot...please...”

“ *Mano Omega... Duosiu jums viską.*” Hannibal replied, in a growl.

He grabbed Will by his thighs, and laid him down in an abrupt move, beginning to thrust in a wild rhythm, which made Will whine loud:

“ Oh, God, God, Alpha... don't stop, don't stop, don't stop! ” He begged, crying and groaning, almost breathless.

His debauched prayers stabbed directly in Hannibal's limbs, and he came with a savage roar, feeling the knot swelling hard. He didn't stop, anyway, until Will climaxed too, arching his back, legs shaking strongly around his waist.

For long minutes they could only pant, but eventually, Hannibal held Will on his chest, kissing his face:

“ *Pardonnez-moi, mon cher. J’étais trop rude.* ” He apologized, but Will shook his head:

“ *Non, non, tu étais parfait, mon loup sauvage.* ” He replied, with a satisfied smile. Hannibal smiled too, caressing him:

“ Do you speak french, Will? ” He asked, surprised and proud.

“ Creole heritage, baby. ” Will reminded him, tearing up a soft laugh from him.

“ I wish I could understand half the things you say in the turmoil of orgasm. ” He added, after a second.

Hannibal kissed him:

“ I'm sorry, sweetheart, you *Šūdas* me so well, I forget English. ” He stated, with a smirk.

“ Have you just cursed? ” Will asked, chuckling.

“ Yes, but I'm trying not to do it in front of you too often. I prefer to teach you sweet words in my native tongue, instead of curses. ” Hannibal declared, seriously.

Will kissed him in return, and stroked his long hair. He would do that willingly forever.

“ I love it, when you call me “ Sweetheart ” It's charming, in your mouth. ” He confessed.

Hannibal smirked:

“ It's the heat speaking, Will. Repeat it in a couple of days. ” He warned. Will stared him, a challenge in his eyes:

“ We'll see it. ”

They settled a routine: sex, food, cuddles, sex, shower, cuddles, sex, sleep, cuddles, repeat. And it worked greatly.

At the dawn of fourth day, both heat and rut were completely gone, but Hannibal and Will completed the morning ritual awakening/sex/cuddles/shower/breakfast anyway.

It was as clear as day to both of them, that their natural cycles were triggered by a genuine connection, the feelings blossomed during that time were not fleeting, and the perspective was thrilling for both of them.

Will headed towards the kitchen just after the shower, to find Hannibal cooking eggs and bacon, and he lingered for a moment on the door, watching him with a stupid smile: he really wished to awake every morning with that sight.

They have talked more, of course, but most about trivialities. Now, Will knew Hannibal's favourite color was smoke grey, that he could play piano and harpsichord, that he was a skilled draftsman, that he spoke Italian and Japanese, aside English and French, that he was a cat person, that he loved cooking and that he owned a Bentley in the past, so he lied at the garage, just to approach him.

Hannibal, after all, now knew about Will that his favourite color was navy blue, that he could play guitar, his love for fishing, his crooked creole French, the names of all his dogs, the recipe of his Gumbo, that his boat was named Nola, and that he avoided him since his return to Wolf Trap.

The darkest secrets were kept away just for this moment, Will understood, and he stepped inside the kitchen, approaching Hannibal with intimacy, putting an arm around his waist and kissing him on the cheek.

Hannibal smiled at him, serving their breakfast:

“ You look radiant, Will. ” He noted.

“ I am. I am not used to someone making me breakfast. ” Will replied, sitting at his table, while he placed a full plate before him.

Hannibal added a cup of coffee and joined him:

“ It's an habit one could always acquire. ” He declared.

Will huffed, and for a while, they ate in companionable silence.

“ You know, Will, Alana Bloom warned me to not try to court you. ” He confessed, at a certain point.

Will almost spat out his sip of coffee:

“ Really? What she said to you? ” He asked, cautiously.

Hannibal glanced at him, spreading butter on a toast:

“ She said I was going to hurt myself. Do you have any idea, why she said so, Will? ” He inquired. His tone sounded vague, but Will felt the suspect behind.

His empathy provided plenty of information about Hannibal in those days, about his moods and emotions, about his way of thinking. Will could see he was expecting a trap to spring, but he could see also he feared to find one. Hannibal wanted things with Will to go well. He was hoping in them, in what they were building.

Will nodded slowly and sighed. He sipped the rest of his coffee and stared at Hannibal:

“ Ok, let's do this. ” He mused for a moment, to find the right words, then: “ I know Alana for good, even I don't think well as you. She and Jack knew me at my worst. ”

Hannibal was totally focused on him. Will knew already he was an excellent listener. He kept going:

“ I left Louisiana after my dad's death, as I told you. There was another thing.”

He hesitated, and Hannibal reached to hold his hands. Will felt a pang of deep gratitude:

“ Look, I will understand if you... wouldn't wish to keep going on me, after you know about this, but -”

“ Will, it's all right. Please, trust me. ”

Will looked at him again and sighed:

“ I have... this thing. It's an empathy disorder, I can assume the point of view of everyone. It makes me easy to understand others, their reasons, their thinkings. It's hard, sometimes. ”

Hannibal nodded quietly.

Will continued:

“ It was my last year in high school, and a Wanderer Alpha male appeared around the borders of my pack area. He didn't want to claim leadership, or become part of the pack. He was searching for young Omegas to breed. Forcefully.”

Hannibal looked away, closing his eyes:

“ Did he touch you? ” He asked, in the darkest tone Will heard from him since that moment.

“ He tried. I... I was with a girl, a classmate, we were walking home together, because our Leader suggested to us Omegas to not wander alone in the countryside. He attacked us. I made my classmate run away, but he caught me. I was on the ground...there was a rock next my hand.

I killed him. ”

Hannibal was caressing slowly the back of his hands, and stared him again.

“ I know I defended myself. I wanted to defend that girl, too. I don't regret killing him, but... I felt... I've never felt so powerful in my entire life, Hannibal. ” He confessed.

The Alpha looked at his beautiful eyes, deep as sea, as night sky and found a wonderful flame in them. The wolf inside.

The predator demeanor was so natural for Alphas, and so rare in Omegas. They were raised to be sweet, caring, eager to please, meek, nurturers, parents. The animal in them was the one who showed the throat in submission, who pleaded, who begged, who searched protection.

The wolf in Will was ready to snarl, to bite, to attack. It was so magnificent. And he could see him. The possessiveness he felt for Will at first, planted his roots deeper inside his soul. What marvelous creature had the chance put in his arms.

Hannibal wanted to cherish him for the rest of his days, he wanted to see his wilderness blossom just for him. He wanted pups with his eyes and his fierce temper.

For a moment, his emotion was so overwhelming, he couldn't find the words, and Will's empathy, his extraordinary gift caught his excess of feeling.

“ I know, it's so much. You never would a deranged Omega- ”

“ Will.”

Will fell silent, hearing again that dark tone in his voice, which made him shiver and desire for hearing more.

“ Will, you can't understand what are you giving me, right now. ” Hannibal's voice was again cracked with emotion, in a way that made Will's eyes shine.

“ To witness to your beautiful uniqueness is a privilege I couldn't never dare to hope. I see such fierceness in you, Will. Something I would like to worship, as I would like to worship you. So beautiful, so bold... A companion, a lover, an equal. I will ask you again, precious creature, would you allow me to court you? Nothing would make me happier than to consider myself yours, Will. ” Hannibal declared, so reverent, so enraptured, it was making his heart melt.

Will was so confused, he stuttered:

“ I've kil-lled someone. It's not an Omega va-value. And my...my empathy will make you a tor-torture to live with me. I want... I want you so mu-much...” He exhaled, shaking, tears flowing down his cheeks.

Hannibal let his hands, moved around the table quickly and fell on his knees before him, hugging him tightly:

“ Breathe, Will. Take deep breaths. Like this, yes... you're so good. Breathe. Breathe...” He soothed him, and when Will was calmer, Hannibal spoke again:

“ You're not speaking to an innocent man, Will. ” He confessed: “ Do you remember about my uncle's wife? ” He asked him, kindly. Will nodded, and Hannibal resumed:

“ She left me because she was afraid of me. I've killed someone too, Will.”

The Omega listened to him, heart pounding fast, but he reached for him, and stroked his hair sweetly. Hannibal leaned at his touch and closed his eyes, speaking:

“ I was living a happy life. My father was a Count, the Pack Leader of an ancient community. We had a Hereditary Leadership. Are you familiar with that? ”

Will nodded again: it was an old system, most common in Europe than in Usa. A Count. So, his good education had a reason.

Hannibal was speaking again:

“ My mother was remote, but caring, and I had a younger sister whom I loved dearly. Her name was... Mischa.

One night, three Wanderers attacked our estate. My father fought fiercely, but he was killed, and my mother too. I tried to protect Mischa, but I was just a child. I hit my head, and when I woke, I was alone. They spared me, because they thought I was dead.

I lived alone in the woods for days, until some villagers found me, and I was sent to the orphanage. Once in Paris, I couldn't forgive or forget. Lady Murasaki tried to soothe my vengeance desire, but she failed. I discovered those Wanderers names, I serched for them and I killed them, one by one. One by one. Slowly. ”

Will felt the wolf in him very clearly, an it was terrifying and beautiful. His Omega side craved such a protector: savage, unstoppable, invincible. The other side of him was eager for a guide, an equal, just as Hannibal called him.

Hannibal looked in his eyes, two daggers with amber blades in a seastorm:

“ Never consider yourself a monster, Will. I see a victorious warrior. ” He assured him.

Will stroked his face, fondly:

“ And I see a more than worthy mate. I want you to court me, please. I would like to consider myself yours, too, Hannibal. ”

Hannibal looked at him in a complete awe, then he stood and kissed him deeply, hungrily.

“ I would do... everything I can... to prove myself worthy... of you... *mylimasis.*” He swore, between the kisses.

Will shivered and let himself sink in his hold.

Chapter End Notes

Lithuanian and French lines:

" My Omega, I will give everything to you."

" Excuse me, my dear, I was too rough"

" No, no, you were perfect, my wild wolf "

I will slip something in Italian, in the next chapter, probably.

3.

Chapter Notes

CW: an hunting scene, and a mention to homophobia, very mild.

This is long.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There was always a sort of buzz in the woods, at the beginning of spring. Newborn flowers and freshly awoken animals created a spread vibration through the trees, the bushes.

The wolf inside Hannibal was reinvigorated, too. He could feel its figurative fur rustling in the crisp morning air, its soft paws padding through the moist grass.

His senses were refined: Hannibal could smell the stag from afar. He crouched down into a big blueberry bush, to spy it until the right moment. Beside him, Alana mimicked his move and peered through the thin branches. They had to wait a while, so she spoke, in a murmur:

“ So, how are the things going? ” She asked, without looking away from the point where the stag's scent came.

“ Very well, truly. I'm inviting him to dinner every saturday night and today is the third time. ” Hannibal replied, in a whisper.

“ Happy to hear it.” She hesitated: “ I feel I have to apologize to you, Hannibal. ” She added.

He didn't comment, and she kept going:

“ I wouldn't to spoil anything between you two, I was just concerned. Will has some... Alpha issues. ” She clarified.

“ No need to apologize, Alana.” Hannibal answered, in a kind tone: “ Will and I spoke a lot. I am aware of his story, now. ”

He sniffed deeply, sensing the stag approaching.

“ He had a crush for you, Will told me. ” His tone was amused.

Alana grimaced:

“ He was very young, and he needed a paddle. I was his for a while, but I never tried anything on him, I can assure you that. ” She hurried to explain.

“ I know, Alana. He told me that, too. ” Hannibal reassured her. “ He's very strong. Not many Omegas are ready to kill, even in self-difence. ” He added, after a pause. She nodded:

“ He is. I thought that could be a problem for you. I bet he contradicts you all the time, and he rebukes, and he surely had some tantrums, it isn't? ” She asked, with a shrewd smirk.

Hannibal huffed a laugh:

“ Yes. ” He confirmed, in a fond voice.

“ But you like him anyway. ” She pressed, gingerly.

“ There is nothing that I wouldn't do for him. ” Hannibal swore, in a soft tone, which she heard very rarely, maybe never before.

“ This is love, Hannibal. ” She stated, after a while.

“ Almost certainly. But I don't want to push my fate. He is always free to go away. ” Hannibal retorted, his voice thin, but not for the hunt's sake.

Alana fell silent. Love could be a grueling matter, even for someone assured as Hannibal Lecter.

“ And you? ” Hannibal asked, after a moment: “ How's going with Margot? ”

The Alpha female frowned:

“ It could be better. ” She glanced at Hannibal: “It's not her fault, she's adorable. It's Mason.”

Hannibal nodded quietly: the heir of the Verger's fortune was the worst kind of Alpha.

Arrogant, snob, discorteous, and above all, violent, he inherited his father possessions since a few months before, and although he never challenged Hannibal openly, he was collecting some supporters in doing it.

It was forbidden: an Alpha member of the pack, could not challenge his own Leader, unless he left the pack before. But he seemed not to care about.

Hannibal has ignored him, because he had the majority of the pack by his side and he felt that giving too much credit to Mason Verger, could be more noxious than beneficial.

The Leader was even aware about the complaints from other packs, regardings some charges of violence, threats and vexations, but he couldn't never prove anything. Mason was very able to not be discovered. He liked to partecipate to mating arenas just for fun. Hannibal hoped that he was going to find the right opponent, once for all.

“ Mason is a problem. ” He said. “ If only Margot could give us something to accuse him... ” Hannibal tried, but Alana shook her head:

“ She's too afraid to be excluded by his testament. ” She replied. She bit her bottom lip and added, in a venomous tone:

“ I think he beats her.” She confessed. Hannibal looked at her:

“ Well, this is something we could use. ” He commented, and hissed: “ Vile creep. ”

The idea of an Alpha violent towards an Omega was abhorrent.

Alana nodded, and Hannibal felt her wolf stirring inside her mind. Her fangs slid out her gums.

“ We will find a way to get rid of him, I promise. ” Hannibal said her.

She glanced at him in gratitude, but felt silent again.

The discussion about a matter so unpleasant as Mason Verger, had put his wolf in the right mood for the hunt. Hannibal felt also his fangs emerge, and the claws too. The scent of the stag was closer enough now, and they saw its majestic figure appearing through the trees. It was cautious and magnificent, moving forward with grace and agility. It had a lavish copper fur and strong antlers, with vicious spikes. It wasn't an animal which knew defeat.

Hannibal smiled, thrilled by the challenge, his primal insticts bright and focused on his task. Alana smelled his change, feeling that the human was retreating, in favor of the beast, and she moved away quietly, distancing from him. No one could stand between predator and prey, she knew very well.

Hannibal took a deep breath, sure that the stag couldn't smell him and freed himself of jacket, shirt and boots. His eyes were more gold than amber, and his fangs were completely out, sharp and lethal. He rolled his shoulders, hands on the ground, feet pointed, as a runner on the starting block.

The stag flapped his velvety ears, turning in his direction, the beautiful head jerking attentively in the direction of the invisible threat. It bowed its antlers and flared its nostrils, taking a slow pace backwards. Hannibal jumped.

He grabbed the stag by its side, digging his claws deep in its meat. The animal tried to escape with a quick twitch, but he held it and pulled toward him. The stag slid, its hoofs kicking in the air, and it belled, furiously. Hannibal crawled towards its throat, but the stag jerked its head again, trying to use the antlers. The Alpha avoided the spikes with a twitch backwards,

but he didn't lose his grip. He seized a branch of the antlers with a hand, digging deeper his claws in the meat of the prey, which belled again.

In its dark, shiny eyes, Hannibal saw surrender:

“ *Atleisk man, brolau.* ” He whispered to the stag, before sinking his fangs in its throat.

The sweet taste of blood and wild meat flooded his mouth, and he growled low, killing his prey quickly.

Eventually, Hannibal stood, blood dripping on his chin, half-naked, hair dishevelled on his back. He picked up the dead stag on a shoulder and gestured to Alana that they could leave.

On the upland, Will released a shaky breath and lowered his binoculars. He felt the urge to sit, and leaned against the tree behind him.

“ You were right, he's quite impressive. ” Margot Verger commented, by his side. Will nodded to his friend, and tried to hold back the glorious vision of his Alpha covered in blood, fighting with the stag, only for his eyes.

“ I've never seen an Alpha hunting. ” He told. Margot shrugged:

“ Usually, they hunt only during courtship. ” She explained, then added: “ I've always admired him, now I fully understand why he's the Leader. ”

Will smirked:

“ Yes, now I understand it, too.” He said, committed.

Margot laughed:

“ Alpha in the sheets, Alpha in the streets. ” She commented.

Will didn't leave his smirk:

“ Is it not the same for Alana? ” He asked, maliciously.

“ It's rude discussing sex life, Will. ” She warned him, with an identical smirk.

“ I didn't start. ” He rebuked.

Playing around, they gathered their things, and began the descent towards the wood. It wasn't safe for Omegas being around, when an Alpha hunted, but courtship required that the Omega attended, so their intended mate could basically show off for them.

In the past three weeks, Hannibal had showed off for Will abundantly: in that right moment, Will wore the navy blue cachemere scarf and the smoke gray double-breasted coat which Hannibal gave him. He knew that during the following dinner, Hannibal would offer another gift. Something told Will that he would cover him in gifts, even if he didn't court him. He couldn't wait to see him.

Their Alphas waited for Will and Margot leaned casually against Alana's off-road, more fitting to carry a carcass, chatting.

Hannibal noticed their arrive first, his shirt, jacket and boots at their place, and his hair styled in a tidy bun, the blood stains disappeared from his face. Will could smell a faint trace of it, anyway, when Hannibal pulled him into his arms and kissed him fiercely, still excited by the hunt. When he let him go, Will moaned low, already missing his touch and caressed his lips, remembering the blood on them.

“ Did you watch me, sweetheart? ” Hannibal asked him, combing his curls with his strong fingers. Fingers which had long claws until minutes ago, Will reminded, with an excited shiver:

“ I did, darling. ” Will confirmed, kissing him again: “ You were handsome. ” He declared, proudly. Hannibal watched him in the eyes, stroking his hair slowly with a hand, and caressing his face with the other:

“ You are handsome, *mylimasis*. Nothing I could ever give you is worthy of you. ” He declared, in the dreamy tone Will was beginning to know well.

“ You are all I want, Hannibal. ” Will assured him, kissing his fingers.

“ Ahem ”

An amused voice remembered both of them that they weren't alone, and Will forced himself to move away from his lover, slightly flushed. Hannibal had the power to make him forget everything around them.

“ Could we go, or we should leave you two alone? ” Margot asked, with a smirk. At her side, Alana glanced them with a mix between fondness and exasperation.

“ You can cuddle in the backseat. ” She said them, opening the car door for Margot and taking the driver's seat. Hannibal mimicked her and climbed on after Will.

While they were reaching the residential area of Wolfing Trap, Hannibal slid an arm around Will's waist and nuzzled his hair, sighing calmly. Will could feel that he was still bounded to his animal side, his scent more earthy and wild that usual, but he was slowly returning himself.

Will kissed him gently, praising him quietly:

“ Alpha, you are so good to me, so good. I need you with me, Alpha. ”

Hannibal growled low, inhaling his scent:

“ *Mano Omega, aš čia su jumis. Niekada tavęs nepaliksiu, mano meile.* ” He replied, in a voice so soft that Will could barely hear.

“ You have to speak English, darling. ” Will laughed low.

“ You make me forget languages, sweetheart. ” Hannibal rebuked, in a whisper, nipping gingerly his ear.

Will fidgeted a bit in his seat:

“ If you keep teasing me, I won't last until tonight, darling. ” Will murmured on his lips.

Margot cackled from the front:

“ Just wait until we tell Bella that we saw our honoured Leader making out in a car like a teenager. ” She said Alana, who laughed heartily.

Will detached from Hannibal, fiery flushed:

“ Don't you dare, Marge! ” He protested, indignantly. Hannibal repressed a laugh, and pulled him again towards his lips:

“ Let our pack have its gossip, sweetheart. ” He flattered Will, who turned away his head, to avoid another kiss:

“ No, seriously, Hannibal. ” Will declared, watching him in the eyes: “ Let's speak about this.”

Hannibal sighed:

“ I'm listening. ”

Will stared at him, frowned:

“ You are the Leader. Your pack has the right to know who your mate will be, right? ”

“ Right. ”

“ Maybe they're expecting a... basic couple. ” Will explained, clearing his throat.

Hannibal looked at him, trying not to put an incredulous face.

“ Do you think I would ever mind what they could be thinking about your gender identity, Will? ”

“ I know you don't care, Hannibal, but... I know what to be an Omega male means. Pack Leaders usually don't choose people like me. ” He said, shyly.

It was a concern he had since the beginning, but now that the courtship was going on, he felt the judgements of the pack more close, more possible. Every pack member would know soon that Hannibal hunted for someone, and they would be curious about his Omega. And there was another problem:

“ What are you going to do, when you will be in the mating arena? ” Just thinking about it, made Will feel sick.

Hannibal looked puzzled:

“ What you mean? You know I have to fight for you. ” He stated.

Will bit his bottom lip:

“ I would rather you don't have to. I don't need an unknown Alpha beating you to have my ass! And if... and if no one would challenge you for an Omega male? You will be humiliated, and it will be all my fault. ”

Margot and Alana fell silent, both deeply sorry, and Hannibal looked at him with a mix of tenderness and rage. His Alpha instincts were still too close to the wolf, and he feared he would say the wrong thing, in that moment.

“ Will, listen. Just speak about this tonight, would you mind? I'm not lucid right now. ” He asked him. Hannibal could feel clearly the distress of his Omega, and it was going to upset him more.

“ Are you not avoiding the conversation, right? ” Will rebuked, and a whiff of anxiety hit Hannibal hard. Will was instinctively afraid of him right now, and he had to repress a snap:

“ I assure you I'm not. Please, let's talk tonight. Are you coming, right? ”

“ Of course. ”

“ Good. Be patient, sweetheart. ”

Hannibal kissed Will's hair, trying not to growl at his upset scent, and stayed silent until they arrive at his home.

Alana helped him with the stag, then her and Margot took Will home.

Once alone with the girls, Will groaned in frustration:

“ I'm the biggest, biggest piece of shit in the universe. ” He cursed.

Alana turned:

“ Ok, honey, you need to calm down. Ok? Breathe, Will. ”

She used her Alpha voice, and he had to obey. Margot, too, settled her breath. Alana pulled over the car, next to a fence, and looked at Will:

“ Listen, Will. It's normal to be afraid. It's a new situation, and you have a lot of feelings involved. You are young, and your past doesn't help you. Am I right? ”

Will nodded, tears shining in his eyes:

“ I don't want to fuck up everything. God, I never felt like this. I... ” It seemed too loud, saying it.

“ Do you love him, don't you? ” Margot asked him, kindly.

Will rubbed his face with his hands, crying for real:

“ I do, God help me, I do. He's the best. He understands me, he supports me everytime. He never treated me like an Omega. I am only Will with him. ” He confessed.

“ I am sure he loves you, too. I've never see him so head over heels. And I know Hannibal.” Alana said. Will sighed:

“ God...”

Hope and pain fluttered in his belly. Why he had to make things so difficult?

“ Listen, you don't have to worry. He said for real, he doesn't give a shit about what people thinks about him and you. He loves you, and he will fight for you. Even against his pack. Even against yourself. ” Alana assured.

Will wiped his eyes:

“ I don't want to be a problem for him. I just want to make him happy. ” He said, in a soft voice.

“ He already is, because you are with him. Just love him, and he will be even more. ” Margot told him, then she added:

“ I won't tell everyone, I promise. ”

Will huffed a wet laugh, but his heart was heavy:

“ Thank you, girls. I'll try to fix it, tonight. ”

“ Don't worry, you will succeed, honey. ”

Stirring the sauce, Hannibal sighed quietly and glanced at the clock: 7:20 pm. It was almost time for their date, and still he didn't know what to say to Will.

His words hurt him, he couldn't deny it. He couldn't believe that Will worried so much about others opinion, just for his sake.

And he felt so bad, for reacting like that to him. Will's empathy naturally led him to feel concern for Hannibal, but he was too confident: maybe, the pack would react bad to their Leader mated to an Omega male. It was an old, stupid prejudice.

Hannibal tasted the sauce for the meat, grimacing: he knew his pack, they were best than that. But Will had not way to know it, in truth.

What was the point in giving to Will fancy gifts, if he could not even reassure him about such a simple thing? And the mating arena, too. He couldn't avoid it, it was a question of reputation. A duty as a Leader. He had to soothe Will about it. Most af all, he should made Will feel safe, cherished, and free to take his decisions.

They would be a team, not just a couple. Hannibal wanted Will at his side, not at his feet. He should be very careful to not lessen him anymore. It wasn't right.

He wanted him happy.

The doorbell rang, and he turned off the burner, wiping nervously his hands on the apron. He took a deep breath and opened the door.

Will had loved Hannibal's house since the first time he invited him in. It was a sort of fancy cottage, with dark, shiny forniture, fluffy carpets, shelves of books and that luxury kitchen, where Hannibal could prepare the best food Will had ever eaten in his life.

More nervous than he was the first time, Will pressed the doorbell button, repeating his discourse in his mind, word by word.

When Hannibal opened, all his carefully chosen words were forgotten. He was so handsome. How could he risk to lose such a man?

“ Will, welcome. Please, come in. ” He greeted him, politely as ever.

The Omega stepped in, and Hannibal helped him with his coat.

“ A glass of wine, sweetheart? ” He asked, heading towards the kitchen. Will accepted, while a warm puncture stung his heart: he just wanted to be called “ sweetheart ” for the rest of his life.

He followed Hannibal and took a sit at his big kitchen island. Something which smelled wonderfully was simmering low on the burner, and the main dish was in the oven. It looked all so familiar, yet so new.

“ Almost done, sweetheart. ” Hannibal announced, handing out him a glass of rosé, and glanced at him:

“ How are you, Will? ” He asked, concerned. Will felt a guilt in his voice, that made his heart clench.

“ Just like you, I suppose. ” He replied, avoiding his eyes. He was afraid of what he would find in them.

Hannibal sipped his wine:

“ Not good, then. ” He said, in a quiet voice.

Will fiddled with his stem glass:

“ Look, ”

“ Look...”

They said, in unison.

Will laughed low, and Hannibal smiled. Will would have burn the world for that smile.

“ You first.” Hannibal granted.

Will looked at him:

“ Hannibal, I believe in what we are doing, really. I feel like never before. You are great. But I can't help to be concerned about us. ” He began. He took a sip of his wine and kept going:

“ It won't be easy. People will talk. People will judge.” He stated: “ I know... I know you don't care, but I do. I want to be the best for you, and I will be, I swear. You're... you're too important to me, I won't give it up on you, never. I trust you, I feel so good with you. I don't want you to suffer any, because of me. Can you understand that, Hannibal? ”

Hannibal felt his heart like it was filled with lead. His Will, his precious, wonderful Will. So generous, so caring.

“ I have to apologize with you, Will. I showed myself unworthy of you, and this won't happen again, I swear. ” He said, searching greedily Will's stare.

“ I am so sure about myself, and I forgot about you, the only thing I care about in this world. I am ashamed you tought I would feel shame for being with you, and it's only my fault. It means I didn't demonstrate all the feelings I have for you. I never felt like this, too, Will. ”

Hannibal stopped, closing his eyes for a second, then:

“ I love you. I love you more than words could ever express. Tell me, please, am I worthy of your love? ” He declared, the voice warm, pliant.

Will shook to his very core. He stood abruptly and moved around the table, throwing himself in Hannibal's arms.

“ Oh, God, Hannibal... I love you, too. I love you so much... and I'm so sorry. So, so sorry. ”

Hannibal held him closer, inhaling his scent, more delicious than ever: his Omega was basically pouring out joy.

“ Don't apologize, sweetheart. You were right to worry, I was careless. I swear I will always be honest with you. And I would never take you for granted. ” He said, cradling him.

Will leaned his head on his shoulder, feeling his strong embrace:

“ I will try not to care too much about others. ” He promised, but Hannibal shook his head:

“ We will face all hard times together, Will. I will never let you alone. ” He swore.

Will was totally overwhelmed, and bursted to cry. Hannibal soothed him with murmurs and whispers. Will sniffed, after a while:

“ Tell me you love me, again. In all the languages you want. ” He begged.

Hannibal took him in his arms, and brought him to the sofa, kissing his hair.

“ *Ti amo. Ti amo più di qualsiasi cosa. Sei l'amore della mia vita.* ” He declared, passionately, caressing his back. Will kissed him slowly, tongue slipping in lazily, deeply.

“ *Aš tave myliu. Norėčiau padaryti viską už jus.*” Hannibal added. Will shivered, kissing him again.

“ *Watashi wa, anata o aishiteimasu. Anata wa totemo utsukushīdesu.* ” Hannibal finished. Will caressed his face, so fondly:

“ *Je t'aime*. It's the only thing I could say. ” He told Hannibal, who smiled and kissed him until their lips were sore, and until the oven alarm started beeping.

Hannibal served him a venison entrecôte with rosehip sauce, red cabbage salad and a chocolate mousse. Will tasted everything like he never ate before. They drank some whiskey in front of the fireplace, sharing a shameless amount of kisses, and eventually Will was so turned on, he started actually feeling pain.

Hannibal smelled his arousal and his distress too. He was eager for Will, during their previous date, Hannibal refused to touch him. The heat was still too close, and when he was going to make love to Will, he wanted it to be indipedent, not led by hormones, true.

Now, he could be sure that their love confessions, and their feelings were completely authentic.

Hannibal put his empty glass on the desk, and moved to take Will's too. His Omega was watching him with fire in his blue eyes, lips slightly parted, as his proximity alone was enough to feed him. Hannibal arranged their glasses away and returned to Will, kneeling next his armchair:

“ May I touch you, sweetheart? ” He asked him, brushing a rebel curl from his forehead. Will's eyes became liquid with desire:

“ Yes, please. ”

The Alpha smiled at him and took him in his arms, to place him on the sofa. Will shook briefly, while Hannibal settled himself between his legs, but for some moments, he stroked his thighs, and gazed at him, in complete awe:

“ *Così bello, così dolce... Vorrei averti così per sempre.* ” Hannibal praised him softly, sliding his hands on the fabric of his pants. Will leaned on the cushions, stretching one hand to caress his sharp jaw.

Hannibal kissed lightly his fingers, and bent forward to kiss his mouth. Will weaved his arms around his neck, corresponding his kisses hungrily. The Alpha began to kiss his jaw, his throat, his neck, licking the soft skin around the mating gland, teasing with teeth.

Will moaned, holding him tighter, slick pooling in his underwear. His scent surrounded Hannibal, who slid his hands along his body and returned to his thighs. Will rolled his hips, expecting his fingers around his cock, but he felt Hannibal going down, kneeling in front of his parted knees, unzipping his trousers and lowering them to his ankles.

“ Oh, God, are you serious-” He managed to say, before feeling the tip of his tongue against his rim.

A flash of pleasure stabbed him, making him gasp. Legs shaking, Will moaned louder, when the tongue slid towards his testicles and surrounded his cock.

Hannibal took him inch by inch, scraping with teeth, teasing the tip, sucking gently. It was maddening: Will panted and groaned:

“ I-ah... I won't...last long, ah...”

Hannibal ignored him, licking from base to tip, savouring the drops of precum dripping generously.

After a while, he let it go, and started kissing his shaft, pressing his lips on the sensitive skin. Will squirmed, hissing:

“ Close... ah, close...”

Hannibal took him again, and worked it to his throat, pumping and sucking with force. Will screamed, bending his leg towards his chest.

“ God, oh, God... God! ” He yelled, coming violently. Hannibal dig his nails in his thighs, swallowing. Will stayed frozen for long moments, while his Alpha cleaned him carefully. He was pretty embarassed: he didn't know that Alphas used to do such things. Oral sex was considered an Omega thing. He was now aware of the position of his legs, leaned lazily on his shoulders. Hannibal glanced at him with a mischevious look, lips shiny with his release.

“ You know, Will, I've always heard that Omega's slick tastes wonderfully. It doesn't taste like any other body fluid, but it's almost customized. I'm curious if it's true at all... ” Hannibal teased, in a casual tone.

“ Are you kidding me? I can't come again so soon. ” Will huffed, with a smirk.

“ *Ti farò venire due volte, bellezza mia.* ” Hannibal whispered, just before putting his tongue on his rim again.

Will sobbed, startled, feeling his tongue making its way inside him. Hannibal started a tortorous pace, eating him deeply, snarling. The Omega shook, crying low at the delicious intrusion, digging his heels in Hannibal's back. His hips twitched, when he managed to reach his prostate, licking it relentlessly.

“ Ah, Christ... God, ah... Hannibal... Alpha, Alpha, Alpha...” Will babbled, feeling his orgasm growing again in his limbs. He pushed himself towards that wonderful mouth, seeing stars at every stroke.

The sounds were obscene and exquisite, and he threw his head back, panting hard, rocking shameless towards his release.

“ Alpha... Alpha... ah, God... Alpha... ah...ahhh...”

Will came with a growl, hot splashes of cum covering his belly, legs shaking crazily. For a second, he thought he passed out, chest pounding deep breaths.

Hannibal licked him clean, then he stood and leaned against him, to kiss him deeply. Will felt clearly his own taste, and he was startled, discovering a known flavour.

“ Blackberries. ” Hannibal announced, as if he could read his mind. Still flushed and slowed by pleasure, Will looked at him, questioning.

“ It's a psychological trick of our own brain. ” Hannibal explained: “ A good taste makes the Omega more attractive for the Alpha. Your saliva, your sweat, your cum, and I bet your blood too, taste similar. But the slick is the fluid more tasteful. ” Hannibal pondered, with a smirk:

“ I never tasted it. It's a pleasing discovery. ” He stated.

Will gazed at him, from bottom to top: even completely dressed, his physique was impressive, and he had a very visible hard on.

“ Take me to bed, and taste me as much as you like. ” Will teased him.

Hannibal smirked, showing him a pinch of fangs, and with a sudden move, he took Will in his arms and carrying him like a bride, headed towards his bedroom.

Will had just a bunch of seconds to note how ridiculously plush the bed was, before Hannibal undressed himself quickly and pinned him to the mattress, eating his mouth with kisses.

Will moaned between his lips, unfastening his shirt and searching blindly for Hannibal's hair tie. He found it, and ripped it away, freeing his magnificent mane. Will sank his fingers in the strands, and pulled Hannibal closer, weaving his legs around his waist. He groaned against him, nipping his lips, biting his throat gently, and with another jerk, he rolled them until he found himself on his back.

He stroked Will hips:

“ Ride me, sweetheart. ” Hannibal urged his lover, with a low growl. Will was leaking slick again, and he complied willingly. He stroked Hannibal's cock a few times, before lowering himself on it. Hannibal was so hot and hard, Will couldn't believe he would last long, anyway, he began to rock his hips, taking him deeper and deeper.

Soon, they were a mess of moanings, groanings and sweat, Will completely incapable to stop the furious pace he settled, Hannibal digging his fingers in his thighs so hard, he would have pierced the flesh.

The Omega buckled his knees on his waist firmly, while sinking hard on his length, the pleasure so fierce, he couldn't even think. Feeling his climax building, he started to beg:

“ Bite me, Alpha! Bite me, bite me, bite me... please! ”

In order to accomplish his thoughtless desire, he leaned on Hannibal, who fisted his curls and growled, snapping his fangs. Will's face was flustered, his eyes blank with pleasure, and he was pushing on his cock so hard it became to hurt.

Hannibal came as never before, howling, bursting his semen inside him so copiously it began to pour out, mixing with the slick, and dripping on his thighs. Will screamed and climaxed as well, arching his back, while his untouched cock released ropes of cum on Hannibal's belly, and he collapsed on him.

For a while, they could only pant and try to catch their breath. Will crawled in Hannibal's arms, and he held him closer, his chest pounding against his back.

“ I shouldn't have asked you to bite me. I couldn't resist. ” Will said, between a pant and the other, still shaken by the best orgasm of his life, until now. He had the sensation many had to come, yet.

“ You're going to make me crazy, *mon insatiable gars.* ” Hannibal grumbled. He sighed and added:

“ I will bite you only on our mating ritual. Not before, not after. ”

“ Marry me tomorrow, then. ” Will teased him.

“ *Ragazzaccio*. ”Hannibal rebuked, fondly.

“ One day you're going to teach me some of the languages you use to mock me. ” Will commented, with a smirk.

Hannibal kissed his neck:

“ Of course. And I never mock you, *amore mio.* ”

Will huffed:

“ Shower? ” He suggested. Hannibal nodded:

“ You first. ” He offered. Will glanced at him, standing up:

“ Why won't we have this shower together? ”

Hannibal smiled. And followed him.

Later, Will was wrapped in one of Hannibal's sweaters, a soft, deep red cachemire cloud. He was utterly sated, and sleep was coming to him on lazy feet. He was waiting for Hannibal to join him in bed: he insisted to make some tea for both.

Indeed, he appeared with two steaming mugs and a little box, wrapped in fine, rust paper, with a band of gold. Will's heart made a jump.

Hannibal sat beside him and handed him a mug and the box:

“ For you, sweetheart. ”

Will kissed his cheek and took a sip of tea, some soothing blend. He unwrapped his gift carefully, more curious that he would admit.

On a white satin lining, there wes a matching set of a bra and panties, in delicate green silk, with some black lace. Will held his breath: he never humored much the feminine side of his secondary gender. He experienced mild fluidity between male and female during some heats, but surely no one ever validated it with gifts or simple acknowledgement.

“ Do you like it? ” Hannibal asked, a bit worried about his reaction.

Will turned to him:

“ It's stunning, really. I don't own much feminine clothing, really. I don't feel my female side very often. ” He explained, shyly.

“ I know that it's a thing the majority of Omegas experience, so I tried to not exclude any part of you. I want to know and cherish you in your entirety, Will. ” Hannibal said, and gazed at him with shiny eyes:

“ Would you like to wear it for me, sometimes? ” He asked, respectfully.

“ Of course, love. Even now. ” Will replied, kissim on his lips.

Hannibal looked at him in awe, but Will jumped off the bed:

“ Wait for me, just a second. ”

His Alpha nodded, heart beating loudly. Will returned in a couple of minutes, still wearing his red sweater. He climbed on the mattress again, and kneeled in front of Hannibal: he pulled out the sweater, revealing the silk, green underwear. It was sublime, against his creamy skin, his dark hair and his blue eyes. He was just perfect.

Hannibal stared at him, with wet eyes:

“ You are the most magnificent thing I ever see. And a second ago, you called me “ love ”.” Hannibal told him, in a soft voice.

Will blushed:

“ It seemed so natural...”

Hannibal kissed him fiercely:

“ Call me by this again. Forever. ” He begged him.

“ Sure, love. Everything you want. ” Will assured.

He didn't wore his panties for long, that night.

Chapter End Notes

As ever, translations:

Lit: " Forgive me, brother "

Lit: I am with you, my Omega. I will never leave you, my love

Ita: I love you, more than anything

Lit: I love you. I'll do anything for you

Jap: I love you. You are so beautiful

Fre: I love you (you got the point)

Ita: So beautiful, so sweet. I wish I could have you like this forever

Ita: I will make you come twice, my beauty

Fre: my ravenous boy

Ita: Brat (it's used as an endearment in Italian, even it's a bit old-fashioned)

Ita: My love

Tons and tons of sugar. And a little quarrel. And Wolf!Hannibal.

Kisses

BlueSkiedandClear

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

I'm so, so sorry for the delay, the chapter was turning to be very long, so I split it in three, basically. Plus, real life distracted me. As you can see, there are six chapters now. I wrote only the first part and a bit of the second, but I will update during this week, I promise.
Just a note, it's the first time I try to insert a non-binary character, I really hope I didn't mess up with something. If I did, I apologize.
As always, enjoy, and please accept my apologizes for the delay, again.

EDIT: as suggested in the comments, I fixed a little part of this chapter. I hope its more fitting, now. Thank you for your suggestion and your support, you know who you are.
BlueSkiedandClear

See the end of the chapter for more notes

In his twenty-two years of life, Will never dreamed he would ever walk into a wedding dress shop, and now that he was in front of the door, he tried to imagine how he should feel about it. He made the effort to wear a blazer, a plain, light sweater and a pair of black slacks, but he had the sensation that it was one of the social commitment, that required a sort of secret bundle of rules he totally ignored.

At least, the elegant and floral dresses of Bella Crawford and Margot, who accompanied him, seemed to tell him otherwise. He felt underdressed. With a sigh, he glanced at the shop window, studying a lace gown, which looked like a cake. If someone, inside, tried to suggest a thing like that to him, he would probably freak out, Will thought, with a frown.

“ Come on, ” Bella pushed him kindly: “ It's just a dress. Don't need to be anxious.”

“ I'm not anxious.” Will lied, immediately. Bella raised an eyebrow, but she didn't insist. The three walked in, eventually.

The view of plushy sofas, shell pink little hearts, ethereal white clouds, and the ocean of silk, satin and taffetas in all shades of pearl and cream made Will's stomach sink. He turned abruptly to Bella and Margot:

“ May we go to a men suits shop, please? ” He asked, in an agonizing whisper.

Margot took him for an elbow:

“ Don't be ridiculous, Will. Only in a place like this you can find wedding dresses for Omegas. ” She reminded him, in a rational tone.

Bella patted his shoulder:

“ Omega male suits don't look like those. ” She reassured him, who surrendered:

“ Ok, let's see. But I'm not going to wear a gown. ” He advised them.

“ It will be utterly inconvenient in the clearing, dear. ” Bella agreed, and then she smiled: “ Ah, here it comes the shopkeeper. They're the best in Richmond, I bought my wedding dress here. ” She revealed. Margot made a pleased sound, but Will noted the pronoun: maybe a non-binary stylist would be less inclined to lace, he hoped.

He knew how he sounded hypocrite: in that very moment, he wore one of the undergarments Hannibal gave him, a light lilac treat, which was very feminine and which both adored. One of the wonderful things Hannibal made for him, was to connect him better with his secondary gender: Will never felt the compulsion to understand his female side, before. The constant worship Hannibal spent towards him, made him question about it very often. He kept preferring to use male pronouns and think about himself mainly as a male, but the look Hannibal had, when he was looking at Will in a silk robe, made him feel deeply loved and adored. To be honest, Hannibal looked at him in that way when he was in his overalls, greasy and sweaty, too.

Will missed him. He was away for a couple of days, with Alana and Jack, to make the arrangements for the mating fight, and Will had hated every minute of their separation. Especially, thinking about the reason. He shook his head, trying not to spoil the atmosphere, and looking at the boutique owner approaching. They had long, bright hair in a neat style, unisex suit, unisex jewels, light make-up, a stunning androgynous appearance in complex.

They greeted them politely, introduced themselves as “ Briar ” and after some brief questions, they addressed Will with a light in their eyes:

“ Let's look what could we do for you, please, come. ” They invited him. He glared for a moment at Bella and Margot, who gestured to him to go, and he went.

The two surpassed racks of lavish gowns and gaggles of enthusiasts brides-to-be and their escorts of friends and relatives, and finally headed towards a modest wing of the boutique, where colors were mild, dark and lines more plain.

“ Do you have any preference about color, Will? ” Briar asked him, pulling a pipe rack in front of them.

Will couldn't help blushing:

“ Actually... I was thinking about something navy blue and smoke gray. They are...our favourite colors. ” He admitted.

The stylist smiled gingerly:

“ How romantic. Alpha male, female or Omega? ” They asked, considering some jackets, waistcoats and dress pants.

“ Alpha male. ” Will replied. The reference to a Omega partner surprised him a bit. Alpha/Alpha and Omega/Omega pairs were still a rarity, due mostly to biological issues. In Wolf Trap there were only Price and Zeller. For them, heats and ruts were a problematic matter, not mentioning the social stigma those couples had to face. The thought alone made him frown, but he was distracted by the following question.

“ Ok, a classic. How is he? ”

“ Oh, ahem...” It was not so easy to describe Hannibal in few words: “ Purebreed, ancient heritage... european nobility. Actually, Hannibal is the Pack Leader. ” Will told them.

Briar literally shone in their own light:

“ Such a lucky boy! I don't meet often an Omega male consort-to-be. This is really tremendous, I love it, Will. ” They declared with a renewed interest.

Will was surprised, but flattered, and the stylist showed him a few pieces, indicating him the fitting room:

“ I'll call your friends, take your time, Will, and choose heartily. ”

Will nodded, the arms full of fabric, and hurried to push himself in one of the fitting rooms. He was quite confused at first, he never wore a waistcoat, but he managed to judge some options, and put them together. From behind the curtain, he heard Margot, Bella and the boutique owner chatting lively.

After a last check on the mirror, he cleared his throat and came out.

“ Oh, Lord, if only Hannibal could see you now, honey! ” Margot exclaimed, in awe, making him blush. Bella nodded, and Briar studied him, with a professional gaze:

“ I have to agree, those fit you lovely, Will. Any problem? ” They asked.

Will spinned slowly, uncertain:

“ I like the line of the jacket, flared like this. I love the shirt, it's beautiful. ” He began. The shirt was a caress of smoke gray silk, which highlighted the breast shape created by the bra, but it would fitted also without it.

“ But I don't like the waistcoat very much. Too stiff. And I would prefer some slit fit pants. The color is great.” He added.

Briar nodded, and searched for new pants and waistcoat:

“ Very well, I think I got just the things for you. ”

They passed to him the new clothes, and he came back to change again. What he saw in the mirror satisfied him much more, and suddendly he was eager to show himself to Margot and Bella.

All three basically clapped, when he came out again, and Margot begged him to choose that outfit, cause it was perfect. The waistcoat was double-breasted, slightly flared, in a shade of gray darker than the shirt, with golden buttons. It embraced his torso like he had curves. So, the outfit was decisively male, but with some hints of femininity. He was comfortable in this, and he felt beautiful. After a belt and shoes were added, he was ready to go.

“ It was quick. ” Will commented, while one of Briar's colleague took measurements, and he payed the advance for the suit with the gift card Bella and Jack gave him, as a wedding present.

The girl smiled politely:

“ Someone said that the right dress presents itself. ” She said, kindly.

Briar reappeared, from helping another customer:

“ I was very glad to assist you, Will. I am sure you will be a magnificent consort. Your suit will be ready in three days.”

Will heard the implicit reassurance in their words:

“ Thank you, truly. ” He said, trying to make them feel his gratitude. They did.

Once in the car, Will had a moment of pure emotion: it was true, he was going to marry Hannibal, for real. For the first time in his life since a long time, Will prayed, and he had to put a hand on his mouth, to silence a sob. It was too overwhelming. Bella, sat next to him, passed an arm around his waist and said nothing.

Hannibal never liked mating arenas, legacy of wildest times. If only their pack was in a town area, the fight could be avoided, but it felt a commitment to his companions. It was very rare for him, but he secretly wouldn't appear less than Jack, the Leader who gave him his place. And he conquered his mate.

The officer wrote down his paperwork, and glanced to him every few words.

“ So, the pack area his Wolf Trap, Virginia, the Omega name is... Will Graham, and you are Hannibal Lecter. ” He summarized, basically staring at him.

“ It's correct. ” Hannibal replied, deeply annoyed by his curiosity.

“ You're quite a topic, in the circle of arenas, mr. Lecter. ” The man revealed, with a smirk. Alana and Jack, behind Hannibal, frowned both but stayed silent.

“ I can't imagine why.” Hannibal rebutted. The other clearly suppressed a laugh, but remained professional:

“ There are plenty of youngsters who want to challenge you, mr. Lecter. How is your Omega, attractive? ” He inquired.

Hannibal considered for a second to tear his throat apart with a bite, but he forced a smile:

“ Very. ”

“ Well, brace yourself for a ton of challengers at your gates. You were wise to choose a qualifier round. But, probably, your rival will be very... tough. ” The officer advised him, passing the papers:

“ Good luck. ”

Hannibal waited until he was alone with Jack and Alana in her car, to let out a snarl:

“ Rude. ” He commented, curling his upper lip on his exposed fangs.

Alana turned on the engine:

“ He was, but I'm sure you were expecting something like this. ” She said, honestly. Hannibal crossed his arms:

“ Of course, I am not naïve. ”

Jack sighed:

“ When is a Pack Leader who requests a mating fight, there is always a fuss about it. ” He argued, rationally.

Hannibal shook his head:

“ Most of those idiots are only curious to know if they can beat me. ”

“ Most of those idiots will be douches trained all their lives for arenas or Wanderers trying to conquer a position. You must be careful, Hannibal. ” Alana admonished him, with a serious look.

“ I am very aware, Alana. I have too much to lose. ” He retorted, with flaming eyes. In the terms of the fight agreement, he inserted the clause which allowed Will to refuse the winner, and gave him the authorization to fight for him again. Though he was sure of Will's feelings, there was always the possibility that he didn't accept a defeated mate. It was something which went beyond rationality and feelings, it was pure animal instinct. Omegas often loathed, physically, a weak mate, they didn't go in heat with them and didn't get pregnant. It would be torturous and unfair.

“ Doc. ” Jack addressed him, in a friendly, calm tone: “ You are strong, and a fair fighter. You love Will, Will loves you. You have nothing to be afraid of. ”

Hannibal looked at him:

“ How did you feel when you fought for Bella? ”

Jack shrudded:

“ I had only her in my mind. The poor guy in front of me had no chance. ” He replied.
Hannibal stayed quiet for all the travel home.

Will and Hannibal, for different reasons, couldn't met until three days later. Will had the suspect that Jack meant to keep him distracted from the fightings, making him work on some very difficult fixings. He had to collect the suit, also, and stayed almost an hour staring at his new clothes, unbelieving. On the other hand, Hannibal was equally diverted by Alana, with some bureaucracy matters, certainly for the same reason.

The Alpha tried to prepare the dinner carefully, that night, but he was so eager to see his fiancé, that he almost burned the roast and let the dessert melt outside the fridge. When he heard the doorbell ring, he had to collect himself at his best, to not rush at the door. It was like to be hit by a flood: Will almost knocked down him, threwing himself in his arms:

“ Babe. ” He exhaled, digging his face in his sweater. Hannibal's heart melted a bit:

“ Sweetheart... I missed you dearly. ” He replied, kissing his hair. Will pulled him closer for a kiss, and Hannibal complied hungrily. Will smelled deliciously, a sweet, feverish aroma which resembled a little his heat scent:

“ Are you in heat, Will? ” Hannibal asked, puzzled. It seemed too soon, they have calculated it in a month at least.

Will laughed, softly:

“ I'm just damn aroused, love. ” He replied. Hannibal found himself blushing:

“ So, could you not stay away from me for less than a week? ” He inquired, feeling his own arousal reacting to Will's.

“ Why are you so surprised? You spoiled me, and now I am used to make love at least thrice a day...” Will teased him, caressing slowly under his sweater, and bit his bottom lip:

“ You smell so good, too...” He added. Hannibal lost his last restraints, and pinned him to the wall, kissing him like he would devour his mouth. The Omega moaned loudly, and sank his fingers in his hair:

“ Bed, please... ” He begged, and groaned again, when Hannibal grasped his ass and took his entire weight in his arms, carrying him upstairs. Despite his efforts, their dinner risked to be damned, for good.

Hannibal was right about at least one thing, Will tought, deliriously, while his Alpha thrusted inside him in a relentless pace: they could not stay far one from the other too much. Panting and whining, his hands roaming on Hannibal's back, Will repeated:

“ Don't leave me again, don't leave me again...”

“ *Niekada, mano meile, niekada.”* Hannibal swore, between kisses and thrusts. He caught Will in his arms and raised his upper body, until he could face him, and looking in his eyes, he said:

“ Never, my love. ”

The change of position made his cock crash directly into Will's prostate and he cursed:

“ Oh, fuck, babe... I know... yes, like there, like there, don't stop, please...”

Hannibal growled low and grabbed the head board for leverage, increasing his speed, and Will wrapped his arms around his shoulders, throwing his head back:

“ God, yes! Love... I'm- ”

His words stumbled and he came with a deep shiver, panting hard. Hannibal bit his shoulder and climaxed after some moments, embracing him tight.

Sated and happy, Will kissed him slowly, stroking his back and complaining with a little whine, when he slipped outside him. He heard Hannibal packing away the used condom and fantasized vaguely about having him without it.

“ Would you wear one of those, during our wedding night? ” Will asked.

Hannibal kissed him lightly:

“ If you want, yes. ” He answered.

“ I want to feel you. ” Will replied: “ Do you want any child, Hannibal? ” He added, after a moment.

They never discussed the topic, because Hannibal never mentioned it, and Will was cautious. The Alpha looked at him in the eyes:

“ Before I met you, my answer would been a no. Now, I would like to. ” He said, sincerely.

Will caressed his hair slowly, thinking:

“ I believe for me is the same, but not now. I want to have you all for me, and I want to study. ” He reasoned.

Hannibal nuzzled lazily his neck:

“ I cannot agree more. You're so young, you have plenty of time for pups. And study is good for you, it's a pity you left college. ” He said. His tone was calm, but there was something unsaid, that made Will's skin itch a bit.

“ There's something wrong, love? ” He inquired, searching his gaze. Hannibal rested his forehead against his shoulder and traced imaginary lines on Will's waist with his long fingers:

“ I'm just pensive. ” He replied, in a remote tone.

“ Yeah, I see that. Talk to me, please? ” Will pushed him, lightly.

The Alpha sighed:

“ I won't spoil the atmosphere just now. ” He retorted.

Will was utterly puzzled: Hannibal was not used to be so moody. He brushed his fingers through his soft strands and whispered:

“ Please, tell me what is upsetting you. ” Will insisted.

Hannibal placed a light kiss on the same shoulder:

“ I don't want to lose you. It's driving me crazy. ” He confessed, in a murmur.

Will's breath stopped. He took Hannibal's face in his hands and forced him gently to look at him:

“ You're not gonna lose me, Hannibal. Do you understand? ” He declared, firmly.

His amber eyes were vulnerable and soft in a way Will couldn't ever imagine.

“ If I will be defeated, I will lose you, too. It's biology. ” Hannibal explained, in an infuriatingly rational voice.

Will detached from him, angry, and looked away:

“ So, you think I'm just a whimsical teenager, who could refuse you for a thing so idiotic like a fight. ” He rebuked, wounded. He knew perfectly that Hannibal was right, speaking in scientific terms. He knew how it worked: if an Alpha lost a mating fight and tried to couple with the chosen Omega anyway, there were high possibilities that heats and ruts never triggered again, and that meant no children, at least. The things between them would change inevitably.

“ I know you are best than that. ” Hannibal replied, “ But it's biology. ” He repeated.

“ I will stay with you, anyway, you know that. ” Will claimed.

“ You're young, it's unfair to force you with someone you don't love anymore. ” Hannibal pointed out.

Will shook his head and stood, abruptly:

“ How can you think I can simply stop loving you? I'm no slave to my instincts! ” He exclaimed, fiercely.

Hannibal gazed at him, the adoration in his eyes almost unbearable:

“ I don't want to look at you, one day, and find that you hate me. ” He said, in a weak tone.

“ Well, I'm gonna hate you just now, if you keep saying those bullshit.” Will blurted, irritated.

He knelt back on the mattress again, with a tired snort:

“ Listen, I hate all this mating fight shit, but I accepted it. I accepted all his consequences. I would never mate with another Alpha. I want you, in any way you will come to me. My feelings are not my heat cycle. I love the man, not the wolf. Is it the same for you? ” He asked.

Hannibal breathed deeply, as he couldn't speak:

“ Of course. I can't be apart from you. ” He replied, with tears in his voice.

Will hugged him:

“ Damn all of it, then. Bust that idiot Alpha's ass and let's forget all this nonsense. You can't lose. And if you do... it will not change anything.” He murmured in his hear. Hannibal squeezed him tightly:

“ How I love you... ” He whispered. Will stroked his back:

“ I know, me too, babe. ”

They stayed like that for some moment, then, Will remembered how hungry he was. The dinner didn't go wasted at all, at least.

As everyone knew, mating fights were aired on the local channel, and all pack followed them carefully. It was been a while since the lasts, and everyone was eagerly curious about the results. Will refused decisively to know everything about it, but Hannibal watched every match with some of his most trusted companions at the bar.

Thirty Alphas in total showed up for the fights. A bunch were regular Alphas, well-inserted in their packs, the types who looked genuinely for a mate. Usually, they were the first to go. Another amount were Wanderers, who searched for an easy entry in a pack by mating.

Hannibal was a Wanderer himself, he knew well how they could be dangerous. The idea of leaving Will with some lof these brutes, made his stomach turn.

The least were professional fighters, Alpha who used their strenght to humiliate other Alphas in mating arenas, the only context where Alpha traits could be used almost fully. Hannibal feared them most, because they fought for money, but at least, he was quite sure no one of them would claim Will.

That Friday was the last day of fights, and the ultimate event would begin in minutes. At the Leader's table, beers were sipped among brief chats, while around, the other costumers commented the matches with less concern.

“ The last, that Stammets guy, was a real wuss! At my times, Wanderers were a bit more, how do you say now, lad? Cool, that's the word! ” Old Larry was saying, in his dry voice.

“ Oh, come on! There was no one worthy the effort. Our Leader has the road smooth as velvet! ” Another rebutted, raising his tankard in the direction of Hannibal, who answered with a nod and a similar gesture.

“ I don't know, Vince, that Brown guy looks strong. Do you remember what he did to that dude in the first match? ” Another rebuked, worried.

Z turned towards his table, leaving the chats on the background, and took a sip of his beer:

“ Yeah, I think you must be careful with Matthew Brown. He's used to arenas. ” He said to Hannibal, who was keeping a detached mood.

“ Like others we saw until now. I've quite learned some of his fighting schemes, he will not be such trouble, but he's very violent, and not a fair player. ” Hannibal commented, in a calm tone. The guy concerned him deeply, in fact, but he didn't want to show himself too worried.

“ You should expect some dirty tricks from him, surely. ” Jack pointed out.

“ I am very aware of that. He looks very determined. ” Hannibal replied.

In that moment, the fight was announced and the two challengers stepped in the clearing. The bar fell silent, while everyone watched Brown, pale, lithe figure,full of tattoos, facing his opponent, a Wanderer with a wild demeanor, ginger hair, and visibly lame. Hannibal had noticed him since the beginning: the Alpha was used to highlight his lameness to induce a fake sense of safety in the other and then he attacked, aiming to the throat. A couple of guys had alrady risked their life, because of that trick. On the other hand, Brown tended to hit ankles, catch wrists and make the rival bleed with claws and fangs, to make them weaker. Hannibal knew perfectly he had to be cautious with both.

The two looked at each other up and down, circling slowly one around the other. As expected, Brown attacked first, aiming at the ankles, and making the other fall. The lame one growled, and stood jerkily, kicking with the good leg, but missing the hit and falling forward. Brown caught him by the neck and bit hard around the marking spot. All could clearly see the flesh ripped apart and the splash of blood.

“ Ow, that was brutal. ” Jimmy commented. Hannibal had noticed in previous fights that Brown almost surely had filed fangs, and that confirmed his suspect. The cut was clean, despite of the strenght.

The lame Alpha managed to twitch away from Brown and tried to attack with his fangs, biting an arm of the rival, who freed himself quickly and hit his face with the elbow. The lame fell on the ground again. When Brown jumped on him, he aimed for his throat, slapping a hand on his face. His claws scratched the skin on the neck, the head was violently pulled aside, and Brown mauled at the throat, grasping hard. The other tried to kick his belly, punch his shoulders and head, but eventually, he crashed his hand on the ground again and again, in surrender.

A disapponted din filled the bar, but Hannibal stared at the TV screen, pensive. The Brown guy was dangerous, surely. The only advantage he had, was that Matthew Brown never saw him fight, then he had no way to copy his fighting style, or to know his weak points. Hannibal wondered who his patreons could be. He was surely granted with a rich reward, no doubts about it. He had no other reasons to fight with such savagery.

The host of the match approached the winner with a microphone:

“ So, you're the final challenger for this mating fight. The last match will be Sunday night: would you like to say something to your opponent, the Pack Leader who threw down the gauntlet? ” The man asked.

Matthew Brown gazed at the camera, sweaty and still panting from the fight:

“ Yeah. I'm gonna take his Omega. ” He replied dryly, moving from the cameras and the lights.

Silence fell in the bar.

“ What, seriously? ” Jack exclaimed, looking at Hannibal, who was following Brown's disappearance from the screen.

“ That doesn't make any sense.” Z pointed out: “ The pros never claim Omegas.”

Hannibal wore his coat, without looking at anyone:

“ Well, it seems he does. ” He replied. He greeted the guys and left the bar. The stakes were much higher, now, he mused, sitting in his car.

Chapter End Notes

Will doesn't like gowns very much, but he has clearly a underwear kink ;)

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

> There is a little violence in this chapter, but very slight. The fight is basically a replica of the one depicted in Rescue my Heart, but from Will's PoV, and a little more detailed. I really suck at fighting scenes, I'm afraid XD
> Also, I think I could add Sexism in the tags.
> Anyway, Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alana called Will in the early morning. When they greeted, the Omega hung the phone and stared at the wall for some minutes. An awful wave of panic and sickness swept over him: he didn't want to know anything about the fights, sure that he could not be worried more, but he was wrong. He didn't want to be claimed by some random creep, he didn't want to lose Hannibal so stupidly. He needed to see him, now. Without thinking, Will grabbed his coat and headed towards the door, but the dogs started barking all together. He glanced from the window and saw the Bentley approaching his house.

Will literally runned in the porch, and Hannibal had barely the chance to get out of the car, before he threw himself in his arms:

“ Love...” Will whispered, against his neck. Hannibal held him, sighing in his curls:

“ I'm here, sweetheart. ” He said, softly: “ I needed to see you. ”

“ Me too, I was coming. ” Will replied, reaching for his lips. Hannibal kissed him and stroked his hair:

“ Let's go inside. ”

Hannibal made lunch for both, while Will roamed around him, accomplishing little tasks as cutting vegetables or drying dishes. From time to time, he stopped to brush a kiss on his cheek or hugging him from behind. Hannibal glanced at Will fondly:

“ Alana told me. I want to be honest with you, I didn't want to tell you about it, until tomorrow night. ” He confessed.

Will nodded:

“ I figured that. I would have preferred it, too, but at least, we can talk about it. ” He replied.

Hannibal whisked something in a bowl:

“ How do you feel? Really. ” He asked.

Will stared at him, biting his bottom lip:

“ I am going to refuse his claiming... just in case. I can do it, right? ”

Hannibal poured the content of the bowl in a heated pan:

“ Of course, you could always refuse the claiming, but... Your instincts could conflict with your rational thinking. ” He said, cautiously.

“ Are you telling me I could feel... attracted to him, even if I despise him? ” Will inquired, worried.

“ It's a possibility. If I lost the fight, the natural attraction between us could change, we discussed it already. Unless...” The Alpha hesitated. Will gazed at him:

“ What? ”

“ Unless I died. If I was killed, you could be free from our bond. ” Hannibal finished.

“ Jesus. ” Will pulled away from the table, and turned his shoulders to him. Hannibal put down anything he had in his hands and faced Will, caressing his nape:

“ I won't die, Will. ” He swore. The Omega barely raised eyes in his:

“ If you die, I'll never forgive you. ” Will promised, his voice trembling slightly. Hannibal hugged him, cradling his body in his arms.

They had lunch, eventually, and it was all so domestic, that their worries for the next day seemed to disappear, in some way.

For a good part of the afternoon, Will watched Hannibal training in the courtyard, with the dogs hanging around him. It looked almost impossible he could be defeated, Will mused, observing how his muscles tensed, while he was doing push-ups, and the extension of his kicks, hitting an old sack of rags.

Hannibal was wearing a shabby, white shirt and old jeans, his hair gathered in a messy bun, and though he looked stunning: his sharp features were highlighted by focusing on workout and efforts of the physique. He was fast, elegant, precise. Will remembered well when he saw him hunting the stag, but the wolf didn't surface, this time. Hannibal was in full control of his emotions and his body. Will felt a pleasant warmth in his limbs, and began to purr unconsciously. He shifted his position on the railing of the porch, leaning against one pillar, basically showing off in his thin shirt and snug jeans. The Alpha caught the purrs before the teasing, and he turned to Will, with a sparkle in his amber eyes:

“ Are you trying to tell me something, sweetheart? ” He asked, kicking the sack a couple of times.

Will smirked:

“ What could possibly made you think so? ” He replied, in an innocent tone.

“ You are purring like a cat, dear. Do you like what you see? ” Hannibal inquired, with a smirk of his own.

“ You know I do. ” Will answered, feeling slick soaking his underwear. It was almost ridicolous how quick he reacted to Hannibal, who stopped pretending working out:

“ Come here, then. ” He invited him, panting from the exercise, but with a hint of wolfish hunger in the low growl in his voice.

Will didn't need other goads, and leaped over the railing, landing with a soft thud on his fours. He stood graciously and headed towards his lover with a calm and teasing pace, chuckling low, when the other rolled his eyes, grabbed him for an hand and pulled him in his arms.

Their kiss was hungry and urgent at first, all teeth and tongues, but it gradually sweetened in tender nippings, brushing of lips and slow lappings in each other mouths. The Alpha, sweaty scent of Hannibal filled Will's nose and made him whimper softly and his belly tense:

“ I want you... ” He whispered on his lips. Hannibal sighed and nuzzled his throat, his collarbone:

“ It's mutual, sweetness. ” He replied, caressing explicitly his ass, and lifting his legs, to make them wrap around his hips. Will weaved his arms around his neck, moaning:

“ Now, Alpha, now, please! ” He begged, pressing his body against him, to make him feel his hardness. With a groan, Hannibal laid him gently on the grass, and caressed his face:

“ We're outside, in plain sight, sweetheart. ” He reminded him, in a gentle tone. Will pulled him for another deep kiss:

“ There is no one around, Hannibal. ” He rebuked, impatient. Hannibal tried to disentangle again, kindly:

“ I have to recover condoms, love... ” He protested again, a little startled by his eagerness, but fondly.

Will whimpered again, in full-Omega mode:

“ I'll take it raw, I don't care, babe...” He babbled, trying to pull away his shirt, nuzzling his chest. Hannibal considered for a second to use his Alpha voice to make him obey, when a furry hurricane hit him and tore him from Will's lap.

“ Max! ” Hannibal heard Will cry, while the Bernese Sheperd pinned him on the ground. The dog and the Alpha looked at each other, then Hannibal let his wolf snarl barely at the animal. The dog let him go and came back waggling to his pack.

Will has stood quickly and now he was helping Hannibal on his feet:

“ I'm so sorry... it had believe you were attacking me. ” He explained. Hannibal smirked at him:

“ Of course. You were whimpering like a prey. They're very protective of you, but also, very well-trained. ” He offered, brushing grass and dust from his pants.

Will blushed:

“ You make me lose every restrain. ” He confessed, still very aroused, despite of the interrumption. Hannibal laughed, kissed him and took his hand:

“ Let's keep going in the bedroom. ” He suggested.

Later, pleasantly buried under Hannibal's body, his protected knot well settled inside him, Will was again very sure how he could never accept another Alpha, beside Hannibal. His steady breath, in his sleep, was deeply reassuring, just as his warm chest pressed on his back, and the soft tingle of the long strands of hair on his skin. He was so alive, Will mused, so powerful, and himself was the only one who could tame him, in some way. Will could never surrender to anybody else. He wished he could bottle his scent, like a perfume, because it smelled like home, safety, love. Love, above everything.

While Hannibal was cooking dinner, always dedicated to feed him properly, Will fumbled between his cds, searching for something soft and romantic. Though beautiful, the classic music Hannibal liked so much did not fit his mood greatly, that night. When he found the right song, he glanced to his Alpha across the room. Hannibal raised his eyes from the meat he was seasoning and smiled fondly:

“ Something's in your mind, Will. ”

Will smiled in return and took his hand, pulling him playfully towards the middle of the living room. Hannibal gazed, with a displeased look, at their unfinished dinner, and Will snorted softly:

“ We're going to eat later, promise. Humor me, please. ” He teased him, dragging his arms around his waist. The song started playing, and Will locked his arms around Hannibal's neck. The Alpha smiled again:

“ I thought I would never persuade you to dance. ” He said, settling one hand on the little of his back and the other on his hip, taking a slow rhythm, following the song. Will put his head on his shoulder and sighed, closing his eyes:

“ Do you believe me, if I say that I never danced with anyone? ” He confessed. Hannibal gave them a light turn around:

“ I think I wouldn't believe you, but you never lied to me. Why is that? ”

Will caressed gingerly his nape:

“ I never felt like to. Until you. ”

Hannibal pressed a kiss on his hair:

“ You always surprise me, sweetheart. How can you? ”

Will chuckled:

“ I'm the best thing that happened to you, Hannibal. ” He joked. Hannibal turned his face to look him in his eyes:

“ You are. Don't say you were joking, you are, Will. ” He declared. Will flustered a bit, and pulled him for a kiss, overwhelmed:

“ I love you, and I don't want to lose you. ”

“ And I, you. You won't, sweetheart. ” Hannibal replied, reaching out for another soft kiss on his lips. The song faded in the background, and Will held him tightly, breathing his soothing warmth, his intact body.

“ You're gonna hurt, tomorrow. The thought alone, makes me crazy. ” He said.

“ It's not the first time I fight, my love. I'll come back to you, and you can smell the blood I spilled to have you. It's a price I would pay a million times, in your name. I would do anything for you. ” Hannibal stated, his heart pounding against Will's chest. He shook with emotion:

“ Call me “ my love ” again, please. ” Will demanded, eyes glittering with tears.

“ All you wish, my love. *Mano meile. Mon amour. Amore mio. Watashi no ai.* ” Hannibal complied, stroking him. He wished he could steal all love words in the world, to express his feelings properly.

The Alpha left the morning after, at dawn, because the rules of the mating fights required that he would not have contacts with the Omega, during the day of the last fight. He needed to have his freedom to make his choice. Hannibal knew that Will already made his choice, anyway. Before taking his leave, he recommended him to have company, and he was sure that Bella Crawford or Margot would willingly care of Will. It was hard watching his house disappearing, anyway.

The Pack Leader had his thoughts, beside his mating: a fight always put all pack in a kind of anticipation, and some messes already happened. The most annoying was a brawl between a few members of the pack and others from the neighboring pack, which forced Alana to call Hannibal.

Deeply bothered, he was informed that the brawl occurred around the Vergers' farm, and he was absolutely positive that Mason Verger was involved. Also, calming a bunch of wired Alphas was not his favorite activity. He arrived as soon as possible, and he could smell the waft of wolfish excitement, already from the car.

Hannibal brushed his tongue on his gums, feeling fangs appearing, sharp and strong. His fingertips prickled with the sensation of claws. With a deep breath, he left his wolf unleashed and got out from his car, marching towards the rioters.

He could hear barks and growls, and some thud of flesh against flesh, the air filled with sparks of animal rage. He grabbed the first guy on his way:

“ What's happening? ” He inquired, harshly. The man flinched and was about to react, but seeing his Leader, he immediately showed his throat:

“ There were put some bets on tonight fight. We were accused of cheating, Alpha. ” He answered, in submissive tone. Hannibal let him go and pushed himself among the crowd.

He spotted the two idiots busy in beating the crap out of each other and snarled:

“ Now, stop! ” He literally growled. One, with his fangs sunk in the other's arm, growled in retort, and Hannibal was on him, forcing him to slacken off.

“ You! ” He pointed at some random guys in the crowd: “ Take care of him! ” He said, towards the injured one, who was losing blood. He faced the rebellious one, pinning him on the ground. The man let out a humiliated whine and exposed his throat.

“ Will you behave? ” Hannibal asked. He nodded, and the Leader helped him on his feet. After some moments of awkward silence, during which no one looked in the eyes of others, Hannibal composed himself:

“ Who is in charge, here? ” He inquired. A couple of old farmers stepped forward.

“ Your names, gentlemen? ”

“ I'm Wisner, he's Pritchard, Alpha.We work for the Vergers, attending the fodder harvest. ”

“ Explain what happened. ”

Wisner frowned:

“ It's legal, Alpha, we were doing nothing wrong... ” He began, but Hannibal cut him short:

“ I don't care about that, tell me why they were jumping at each others throats like beasts. ”

The man frowned again:

“ We were accused of cheating, Alpha. ”

“ Was it true? ”

“ No, Alpha. They are liars, and have no respect.”

“ Bullshits! ” One of the strangers rebuked. Hannibal glanced at him: he could not tame him, like one of his, but he was always a Leader:

“ Should I call Leader Bradwell? ” He asked, retorically. The other shut his mouth abruptly and lowered his gaze:

“ No, Alpha. But he's lying. ” He replied.

Hannibal suppressed his will to roll his eyes and sighed:

“ How much you bet? ” He asked, to everyone.

“ 500 ” Someone answered.

Hannibal gazed for a moment at the fields. Sometimes, rule those people was like working in a kindergarten. He counted quickly all the bystanders:

“ Everyone, gave me 20 dollars. ” He commanded. There was a little fumbling in pockets and wallets, but in a few minutes, all obeyed.

“ All from Wolf Pack at my right, the others at my left. ”

They complied again. Hannibal divided the money, and gave half to one group and half to the other.

“ Case closed. Come back to your job, to your homes. Please, send a note to let me know how your comrade is. Thank you, gentlemen. ” He dismissed everyone, but held Wisner:

“ If something like this happens again, call Verger, don't let your men get hurt or hurt others.” He advised him.

Wisner nodded, frowning again:

“ They insulted you, Alpha. They said Brown is too good for you. ” He told him.

“ Well, we'll see if they are wrong or not. It's not your job to defend my honor, though I appreciate your concern. Go, now, and keep an eye on your men. ” He concluded.

Hannibal looked at the farm, from a distance, musing if bothering Mason a bit, just to see his annoyance, but a call of his name spared him the trouble: Mason Verger himself was walking beside Alana, whose face told everything about her opinion on the man.

Secretly, Hannibal was waiting since his first day in Wolf Trap for an excuse to beat Mason Verger for good, but it never occurred, and Hannibal was not the kind of person who forces a conflict, uselessly. He had no interest in a quarrel with Verger, but he despised him, deeply.

“ Ah, our Leader honors us with a visit, how fancy. ” Mason greeted him, in a clear mockery tone.

“ Good day, Mason. ” Hannibal replied, always polite.

“ Miss Bloom informed me about this unfortunate circustance. So considerate of you, to intervene with such rapidity. A real Leader. ” Verger said, coily.

“ Indeed. Let's say everything is resolved. I would take my leave, I have some things which require my attention. ” Hannibal replied, but Mason held him:

“ I want you to know that I knew anything about the regrettable hobbies of my workers, dr. Lecter. And of course, I wish you good luck for tonight. ” He added, with a slimy smirk.

“ Thank you. If you want to escuse me...” Hannibal retorted, kindly, then he addressed Alana:

“ May I escort you to your car? ”

“ Thanks. Goodbye, Mason.” She accepted, grateful.

“ I'll give Margot your best, miss Bloom. ” Mason rebuked. Hannibal and Alana left.

They had to cross half of the farm, to get where Alana parked, but that gave them time to talk.

“ Mason set the bets between his workers and the neighborhood, right? ” Hannibal asked, when they were sure of being alone. Alana nodded:

“ Of course. He is sponsoring Brown. And... ”

“ He suggested him to claim Will. ” Hannibal finished.

“ Yes.”

Hannibal huffed, but he stayed silent for a while. Alana spoke again, first:

“ What do you intend to do? ” She asked.

“ Defeat Matthew Brown, obviously. ” Hannibal replied, dryly.

“ And about Mason? ”

“ Nothing, for now. If I put things properly, he will lose some esteem among our pack, and my position would be assured. If not, I will challenge him directly. ” Hannibal explained,

calm.

He turned toward Alana:

“ I could imagine how you feel about Margot. We will find a way to free her from him, I promise. ”

Alana smiled to him:

“ How do you feel? ” She asked, kindly.

Hannibal shrudded:

“ Not different as always. I have a task, I intend to comply it. ”

“ You're gonna win, you know? ”

“ I'm quite confident. ”

The fighting arena was in a clearing among the territories of five packs, on neutral ground. Though it was called arena, there was just the clearing, open and spacious, with a zone covered in rammed earth and separated by a thin net from the audience space. Will always thought that arenas looked like somewhere used for roosters fights. And all the mating thing was no different from some kind of animal ritual. Never forget humans had something wolfish in them.

According to Hannibal's recommendations, Will forced himself to wear something nice for the occasion, and he opted for a nice blue button-down and a pair of grey dress pants, and also tamed his curls away from his face. He didn't want to show off, anyway. He would be in plain sight enough, he thought, frowning: traditionally, during the mating fight, the Omega stood just outside the ring, exhibited like a trophy.

Will passed a quiet pleasant dinner at the Crawfords', who made every effort to distract him from the fight, until they could, and he felt very grateful for that, but his stomach clenched just a moment before getting in the car, and sank definitely when they arrived at the clearing.

Mating fights always attracted every kind of people, but Will could never imagine they would be so many. The crowd was so dense, that he, Jack and Bella had to ask permission many times, to reach the arena. From time to time, someone recognized him, and greeted him, but Will heard every kind of comment and joke at his address:

“ Here comes the candybar! ” “ Look at that baby, I would take a kick in the ass too, for one like him! ” “ May the best man win, sweetie! ”

Deeply mortified, Will ignored everyone, but Bella passed an arm around his shoulders:

“ Don't worry, Will. I had to take my part of it at my times. It comes with the Leadership.” She reassured him. He couldn't make his blush disappear anyway, and his anguish increased, when he saw the parade of cameras and lights around the ring. It was like a football final, just more violent.

“ I have to speak with journalists? ” He asked, terrified.

“ No, dear. We would keep them away from you. ” Bella promised. Will felt a puff of relief, but almost immediately, his heart jumped, when he saw Hannibal sat at the borders of the ring, waiting. Will looked at Bella, and she nodded:

“ Go, quick. You have just a moment.” She hurried him, kindly. Will ran.

“ Hannibal.” He whispered. The Alpha turned abruptly, and his tense features relaxed:

“ Sweetheart, what are you doing here? ” He asked, fondly.

Will cursed the net between them. Hannibal told him to wait a moment, and stood, to reach his side. Will held him with all his strenght:

“ I had to see you. Please, love, be careful. Don't brag, and don't get hurt. ” He begged him.

Hannibal kissed his hair:

“ I promise, sweetheart. ”

Will looked him in the eyes:

“ I warn you, if you get killed, Hannibal, I will never forgive you. You can't leave me alone, not like this. ”

Something which looked like doubt crossed Hannibal face, but he said:

“ Never. ” And kissed him, hungrily.

Will grabbed his shoulders, like he was drowning, but Hannibal detached from him, kindly:

“ I have to go. ”

The Omega watched him come back in the arena, and turned quickly, to not show his tears. He was reached by Alana after a while:

“ Will, come, you should stay there... ” She said, escorting him by the other side of the ring. Alana brought him a chair:

“ It will be over soon, don't worry, Will. ” She reassured him. Will noted how everyone looked so eager to give him reassurances.

“ Did you see that Brown guy? ” He asked.

Alana bit his bottom lip:

“ Yes. He's strong, I won't lie to you. ” She replied. Will looked at her:

“ Could Hannibal win? ”

“ I'm sure of it. And you should be, too. ” Alana answered.

“ I am.” Will retorted, with a slight frown.

“ Good. I think I should go... ” She said, after a pause.

“ Yeah, sure. Don't worry about me. ” Will stated. She disappeared, and he was alone, finally.

Bella was right, no one came to bother him, but the waiting was becoming unbearable. Fidgeting with the rim of his shirt, Will looked at the crowd, trying to find someone familiar, and he spotted Bella and Jack not far, and Margot, beside her brother. A bonfire was lit, and its faint warmth didn't reach most of the crowd, but it was not a cool night. He looked away, eyes falling again on the arena, and he glimpsed the figure of Matthew Brown, he supposed.

The young Alpha was lean but musculed, pale and covered in scars and strange tattoos, with short dark hair. From his position Will couldn't see his face properly, but he didn't wanted to meet his gaze, so he didn't lingered too much.

The blaring sound of a bell announced the start of the fight. Will's stomach clenched and he stood, approaching the arena. He didn't hear the host introducing the two challegers, and speaking about him, too, his attention only for his mate. He didn't need a stupid fight to know who his mate was. Hannibal was removing his shirt, leaving on only his pants, his hair gathered in a tight bun. His bronzed, perfect skin was a dream to Will's sore eyes, and he felt the urge to call him and show him his throat, but he managed to stay still and quiet.

“ Omega! ” He heard a scratching voice calling him. An Alpha voice, so he was obliged to turn. It was Matthew Brown, who pierced him with dark, lunatic eyes:

“ You're too good for him. I could be kind with you. Wish me good luck. ”

Will didn't reply, but glanced at Hannibal, who followed the conversation. His Alpha just nodded at him and then turned his attention to his challenger.

They exchanged an handshake, and the bell played again. Will couldn't look away. He saw Hannibal shivering slightly, while the wolf inside him was freed, claws and fangs appearing, ears sharpening at the tip, something he never witnessed, his eyes shining of a new shade of gold, decisively not human. Even with the stag Hannibal had preserved a bit of humanity, now it seemed gone.

Brown attacked first, punching hard and scratching. Hannibal took all with no reactions. The other kicked, and Hannibal didn't even flinched. It was like seeing him hitting a wall. Will noticed the slight drops of blood from his wounds and his breath stuttered, but Hannibal looked very far from succumbing. The other Alpha struck again, aiming to ankles, punching

and slashing again, and again Hannibal didn't move. While Brown was receding, Hannibal shook himself and tried an assault to his legs. Brown twitched and avoided the hit, but he was invested fully by the second.

Will felt a pang of victory, watching him fall, and Hannibal covering him, pressing his throat. Brown jerked under him, and grasped a handful of ground, throwing it in his eyes. Hannibal jumped backward, half-blinded and Brown sunk his fangs in his throat. Will screamed, loudly, his heart beating furiously.

“ No! Hannibal, stand up, please! ” He begged, desperate.

Will would swore Hannibal heard him: he shook off violently Brown from himself and turned abruptly around him, chaining a elbow around his neck. Will saw clearly Hannibal growl something in his ear. Brown snarled in answer and fished something from his pants. It was a pocket knife.

The Omega screamed again, seeing the flash of the metal aiming at Hannibal's face with surprising rapidity, but the Leader was faster: Hannibal snapped Brown's neck bone in a smooth, whizzy move. Matthew Brown fell boneless on the ground.

Will felt a stitch of primal lust, watching his Alpha howling in victory, all the herd of Wolf Trap rumbling, howling, growling around.

“ He had a knife! ” One of the judges stated, showing the weapon to the crowd. It would be a mark of shame for Matthew Brown, destinated to be buried without a name.

Hannibal stood slowly, and literally opened a breach in the net, reaching for Will, who flied in his arms. His scent was strong, feral, beastly. Will sunk his face in his neck, nuzzling wildly:

" I'm yours, now and forever. I'm yours, Hannibal. " He murmured, braiding his fingers in his hair. His Alpha held him tight, breathing heavily, inhaling his scent:

“ My love...” He whispered, exhausted, inhebriated by his Omega's kisses.

“ Will, Will, do you want him as your Alpha? ” Asked someone.

“ Yes, yes! ” He answered, blindly, still buried in his lover's arms, deaf and dumb to anything or anyone else.

They were barely conscious of others around, they were completely unaffected by the corpse at their feet. The only thing Will knew, was that he could have killed Hannibal, and he was savagely happy for his death. But he would never confess that to anyone. Maybe, only to Hannibal, who was shaking lightly.

“ He's wounded! ” Will called for help.

A couple of paramedics rushed, but Will never left Hannibal's hand. He was incapable of looking away from Will: his beautiful, blue eyes, his soft curls, his mouth. All it seemed so magnificent, Hannibal could slightly recognize that he was his. He didn't feel the stings of

treatments, the light touch on his body, to find fractures. He only heard the men saying that he was okay, and immediately, he knelt in front of his sweet Omega:

“ I won the right to mate with you. Will you accept me as yours, Will Graham? ”

How exquisite were tears on his lovely face, shining like diamonds!

“ Yes, Hannibal Lecter. And I'll be yours. ”

Chapter End Notes

Mason is here just to be annoying. No particular relevance in the plot.
If you are curious about it, the song I chose for the dance scene is " London Thunder" by Tusks.

https://youtu.be/SNR78GYolYI

Thanks for all comments, kudos and everything!
Baci (Kisses)

BlueSkiedandClear

6

Chapter Notes

I'm a liar.
Anyway, enjoy this sweet, last chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“ Why on earth would we need a kneading machine? ”

Hannibal raised his eyes from the enormous box of silverware he was unboxing, and looked at Will:

“ I've not always the time to make bread...” He answered, puzzled. Will puffed, in disbelief:

“ You don't have to do it, Hannibal.” He replied.

“ But I want to.”

Will shook his head lightly, opening another box. A French press, which he totally ignored the functioning.

“ I knew I should never let you do the wedding list. ” He sighed. His fiancé glanced at him:

“ You're a terrible actor, sweetheart. You're going to love all these things.” Hannibal promised.

“ You have to tell me how to use them.” Will retorted, pointing around him.

“ We are going to have plenty of time.” Hannibal assured, unwrapping the box of two twin watches.

Will fell silent, musing. Since the mating fight so much things happened. He moved to Hannibal's in some weeks, which they busied creating a place for Will's dogs in the garden. His pack now had a row of ordered, wood kennels, soft cushions to sleep and a ton of new toys. It would be interesting to know how Hannibal and he would prepare for their first baby.

They had to delay the wedding for many reasons. First of all, Hannibal wanted to let things cool down after Brown's death, sure that it would attract every kind of unwanted attention. He was right, in truth. For a while he and Will were both stalked by reporters. All the stress

before and after the fight messed pretty bad with Will's heat cycles, which exploded in a row of once a month for three months. He had to see an Omega specialist, to fix things. The doctor told them very clearly they could forget another heat in a year, at least. Both refused decisively to wait an year to marry, and set all for the end of summer, when Will finished his prescriptions. Least, Hannibal had to fight a Wanderer Alpha, who thought he could gain fame and a pack attacking such a renowned Leader.

“ Mylimasis, what's there? ” Hannibal asked him, softly.

Will focused on him again:

“ Nothing, love. I was just thinking how lucky we had been.”

“ We are.” Hannibal replied, with a fond smile.

“ We are. ” Will agreed. He leaned over the box he had at his feet, to kiss him gingerly on the lips:

“ Ready for tomorrow? ”

“ I just can't wait to see you in that magnificent suit. ” Hannibal confessed, petting his hair.

“ You don't know if it's so good.” Will laughed.

“ Everything is beautiful on you, my love.” Hannibal clarified.

Though he heard things like that every day, Will blushed. He cleared his throat:

“ Come on, let's finish here. I still have to pack for tonight. ” He said, kissing Hannibal again. It was hard to stay apart, even just for one day.

It was tradition, that the newlyweds did not spend together the night before the wedding, and faithful to his role as Pack Leader, Hannibal insisted that Will slept to Alana's, but he knew he would have miss him, anyway. Hannibal helped Will with his bags, ignoring deliberately the dark boxes which contained his suit. He was almost ridiculously curious about it, thinking about how much care he put in choosing his suit, a pleasure he didn't allow himself since long time.

Saying goodbye to Will outside his car, Hannibal thought how much he changed, during the years. After leaving Lady Murasaki, he wandered for a while, doing every job he could find, to pay himself his studies. Mostly, he drew detailed anatomical sketches for medicine books or magazines and tuned instruments. Almost no one would believe that a Wanderer graduated, without being part of any pack. He settled just to practice as doctor, and he bought a suit after years. Hannibal wondered if he had still a photo of that party, to show to Will how he looked with short hair.

His life was fine again, he believed. Baltimore could give him all social events, nights at the opera, art exhibitions, dinner parties he had in Paris. He had many lovers, too. Hannibal was an educated man, with fine tastes, after all. He didn't crave something like leadership, or mates. He never felt the compulsion to kill again. Until that day.

He could feel the heavy rain fall on him, again. The taste of blood inside his mouth. His wolf snarling and howling. Violence among Alphas was usual, expected, and he knew how some Wanderers tried always to steal a place in packs, especially in big cities. But, that night, he didn't see that coming. The Alpha assaulted him in a dark alley, a classic. He robbed and beated him, while the rain soaked his clothes, and he crawled in the mud. Something triggered in his mind, while the savage Alpha was overtop him, harsh memories of snow, starving and loneliness. The wolf inside him attacked. And there were blood, screams, broken bones. Hannibal had to leave his peace again.

He grew wilder, after. It was a time he wasn't proud of. Hannibal ceased, outside, being the polite, cultured doctor he was until that moment. He let his hair grow, his clothing became more dismissed, his fangs sharper, his claws more vicious. He had to kill again, to protect himself, he had to wound, to make his own way among the Wanderers, until he approached the area of Wolf Trap. He hadn't planned to, he found himself there almost by chance. He searched for the cams, and introduced himself at the guardians, politely. Jack Crawford was no man to trust anyone, and he didn't trusted him, at first. Hannibal healed the wounded ankle of Alana Bloom, and he earned a bit of trust. Two days later, Garrett Jacob Hobbs broke the fence and assaulted the Leader. Hannibal was in the right place.

Four years later he was in the right place, again, but this time on purpose, when he met Will. His name slid like warm honey in his thoughts. Young, smart and beautiful Will. Sweet, but strong, delicate but brave. How he loved him, in the blink of an eye. Hannibal never wanted anything with such intensity. And he was just to be his. Hannibal walked back to the house, already filled with hints of their future.

Will never attended a wedding, before, so he couldn't make any comparison or really tell if his wedding was something different than the usual. He just understood that it was a really big deal. Not for the appearance, there were no decorations or markers to a great event, in the wood around the clearing. Everything, in the life of a Pack had to be in the presence of the sky. A mating, in particular, should be officiated under a full moon, still not visible in the azure, sunset horizon. All Pack members were flowing into the clearing, all wearing white clothes, all in a striking calm. Even Jack and Bella, at his sides, accompanied Will in a solemn silence. The only loud things were night birds calling, leaves crunches, bonfire cracklings, his heart pounding. Will was painfully aware of everything around him: the scent of herbs threw in the flames, the smell of roasted meat, bugs flying in the smoke, bare children feet in the grass, wolfish, but friendly eyes of people, came there to attend an ancient, primal ritual, which only human rationality could gave an hint of romance.

The wolf in his chest whined, in anticipation, and Will felt more Omega than ever, shivering lightly in his stunning suit. He didn't meet the gaze of anyone, knowing that what he would

see in their eyes, could easily overwhelm him. He knew they were watching him with respect, admiration, a bit of envy. He was going to be a consort, mate of their Leader. Will was so grateful for silence, right now. A place of roasted meat and a glass of cider was placed in his hands, and he managed to swallow some morsel and some sip, his mind dazed, peacefully fogged.

The sky went a deeper blue, stars surfacing in that vast sea above the pines, oaks, beeches. It was a clear, wonderful night. The bonfire was more gold now, warmer. A milky, silvery full moon high enough to be seen. Bella and Jack, Will's putative parents, escorted him in front of the fire. The air became electric with emotion, anticipation. A moth flew straight in the flames, disappearing in a black dust. A little death, to bless the beginning of a new life, Will thought, absently. A shiver struck him down his spine, hair raised on his nape and he felt the sudden impulse to howl, breaking the silence. His Alpha was near.

The Pack followed him, greeting the Leader with barks, yelps, more howls. Everyone showed their throats. Hannibal walked among two wings of his people, eyes fixed on his mate, who was staring at the stars above him. Only the slight touch of his Alpha on his face, made him look down, straight in his amber eyes. Will felt the last of his humanity slip away, taking Hannibal's hand in his own. His gaze wondered on his fierce features, sharp cheekbones, soft lips, long strands of ash blond hair, freely draped on his shoulders, down his back, in a beautiful contrast with the fine, smoke grey silk of his jacket, the deep navy blue of his waistcoat and the crisp, white shirt. He was so handsome that Will could simply not look away from him, and willingly lost himself in his gaze, shining in awe.

Fire made his blue eyes look like opals, Hannibal thought, staring his lovely boy. And of course that suit was magnificent on him. He was barely conscious of people around them, at a distance. He just caressed his smooth, pale cheek, then he made a gesture, blindly, towards his deputies. Alana and Jack approached, and handed him the cup with the wine, the one filled with milk and the flower crowns. They moved away again. Hannibal placed the cup of milk against Will's mouth:

“ With this milk, I swear to feed you. ” He declaimed. Will swallowed a sip. Hannibal did the same with the wine:

“ With this wine, I swear to protect you.” Will swallowed another little sip. Hannibal caressed the lilies, the white roses, the Lisianthuses, the jasmines which constituted the flower crown in his hands and sighed lightly, placing it on Will's hair:

“ With this flowers, I swear to love you. ” He finished.

While his hands shook barely, Will repeated the same oaths:

“ With this milk, I swear to feed you.”

“ With this wine, I swear to protect you.”

“ With this flowers, I swear to love you. ”

He combed briefly his fingers in Hannibal's hair, placing the crown, watching flashes of fire in their pale petals, and his Alpha smiled at him, before cupping his face and kissing him.

A burst of enthusiastic howls exploded around them: for the first time, Will looked at their Pack, and smiled, blushing. Now, it came the most challenging part of the ritual. There were no secrets in a Pack, especially in everything concerning the Leader.

When a group of selected Omegas approached Will to undress him, he kept his stare on Hannibal, while a similar group of Alphas did the same to him. Then, they placed a bunch of thick blankets at their feet, and Hannibal removed their flower crowns. All Pack members were now gathered farthermost the fire, along wood borders, turned towards the trees. The distance couldn't guarantee they would not hear, anyway. Will just tried not to care about it.

Hannibal distracted him, wrapping his arms around his body, blissfully naked against his skin. Will sank his face in his neck, inspiring his strong, soothing Alpha scent. His mate caressed his back, murmuring loving words, kissed his mouth, his throat, his chest, then he took his hands and brought him down, kneeling on the nest of blankets. Will braided his fingers in his hair, biting his lips, nosing his jaw, feeling his hands around his thighs. He leaned backwards, slowly, while Hannibal's mouth covered every patch of skin in his belly, ravenous but kind. All his body seemed on fire, and Will moaned, when Hannibal mouthed his cock. He tilted his head back, panting, eyes fluttering in pleasure, a thin veil of sweat making every move smooth and velvety.

His cock was trapped in the warm, delicious cave between Hannibal's lips, and Will weaved his legs on his shoulders, open and shameless. Hannibal tasted his length, biting gingerly at the tip, swallowing it until it crushed against his throat. With a delirious groan, Will came, abruptly.

Hannibal didn't give him any rest: in a moment, he was on him again, kissing his lips, lapping inside his mouth, giving him sharp sparkles of his own taste. Will held him tight, trying to rub against his hardness, but Hannibal flipped him on his stomach and nipped lightly his nape, teasing the mating mark point. Will moaned loudly:

“ Please... bite me, Alpha.” He begged. Hannibal caressed his cock, which was quickly filling again, and kissing his spine, he slid two fingers inside him. Will arched his back, tilting his head back on his shoulder. Hannibal scissored his fingers whispering endearments in his ear, then he added a third, and nuzzled his hair.

Will smelled like smoke, grass, roses, blackberries. He couldn't be more delicious, and his Alpha tasted him again, kissing his neck:

“ Are you ready for me, sweet Omega? ” Hannibal asked, melting against his smooth back. Will sighed, trembling:

“ I want you, Alpha...”

Hannibal collected him gingerly in his arms, pressed his forehead on his nape and slid slowly inside him, without effort. Will groaned, in pure bliss, welcoming that hot intrusion, and leaned backwards, to make it dig deeper in his eager insides. His Alpha growled low,

possessive and greedy, and grabbed his hips to push him against his hard length, in a frantic, restless pace. Their pantings became erratic when Hannibal managed to hit repeatedly his prostate, sending glints of pleasure across his whole body.

“ Bite me, bite me, bite, bite, bite! ” Will cried desperately, coming in thick, hot splashes, shaking like in a fever. His mind blanked for a couple of seconds and he felt the vicious slash of fangs in his nape. He whined in relief, while a flow of warmth immersed him. His whole skin itched for a moment, and his wolf yelped inside his mind. Will was crushed by Hannibal's climax almost immediately, so impetuous, he clearly felt his own slick and his semen dripping outside his rim, in spite of the knot, which was rapidly swelling.

The Omega collapsed forward, falling on his elbows, shaking violently, abruptly aware of his surroundings. He was caked in sweat, semen, slick, saliva and a bit of blood from the bite. The fire was roaring, hot and red. The moon was shining high in the night sky, like a silver coin. A large hand pressed against his chest, in affection, and he felt Hannibal breathing heavily in his hair, all his weight on his own body. Will couldn't smell his scent, because they shared it, now. They were bonded. A stranger smell hit his nostrils, salt. He was crying, and Hannibal with him.

They were one.

Will turned his head, searching for Hannibal's face, and caught him in a deep kiss. They lingered for a while, enjoying the new sensation, tasting each other's lips, then Hannibal looked at him, so fond, it made Will almost melt:

“ That was a very beautiful suit, sweetheart. ” He stated, with a smirk.

Will laughed, truly, violently happy:

“ Thank you, love. ”

Chapter End Notes

And it's finished!
I took vaguely the idea of milk and wine from some memories of Roman history, and the flower crowns from our lovely fandom.
Thanks, thanks, thanks for reading, commenting, hitting the little heart of kudos, bookmarking this, I loved writing this fic, and maybe I'm not done yet with this wolfish fluffness. I don't know.

Lots of love. Baci.

BlueSkiedandClear

End Notes

If Google Translator is not lying, the Lithuanian lines means:

Tu toks mielas, mano meile: you are so sweet, my love

Paimkite mane, gražus berniukas: take me, beautiful boy

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